



# CHADWICK COLLECTION

Prepared for the Assembly,

—AND—

~~~~~NOT FOR SALE.~~~~~

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THE

✓✓  
CHAUTAUQUA COLLECTION,



A COMPILATION OF

FAVORITE SUNDAY SCHOOL SONGS,

PREPARED FOR USE AT THE

Chautauqua Sunday School Teachers' Assembly.

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NOT FOR SALE.

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**Do not Take this Book from the Building.**

## NOTICE.

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WE have compiled this collection of favorite Sunday School Songs from our several Popular Works, with a desire to contribute something to the interest in the Chautauqua Assembly.

Most of the Songs have already endeared themselves to hosts of Sunday School Workers all over the world, and we believe the newer and comparatively stranger ones are sure to become quite as useful.

With this explanation we dedicate the "Chautauqua Collection" to the "Assembly," and to the Prince of Sunday School assemblers, JOHN H. VINCENT.

NEW YORK, August, 1875.

**BIGLOW & MAIN.**

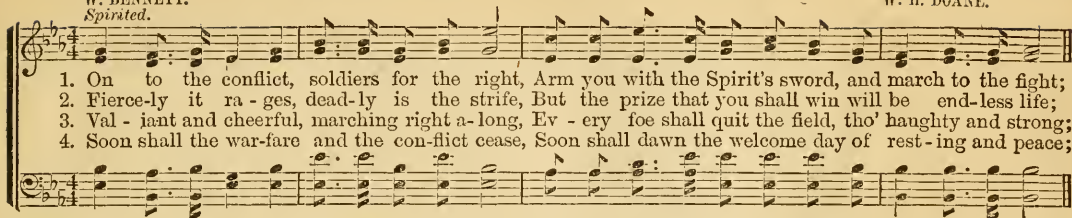
# SUNDAY-SCHOOL WAR-CRY.

3

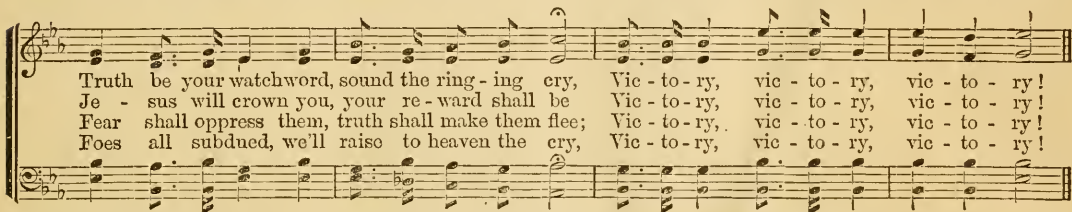
W. BENNETT.

*Spirited.*

W. H. DOANE.

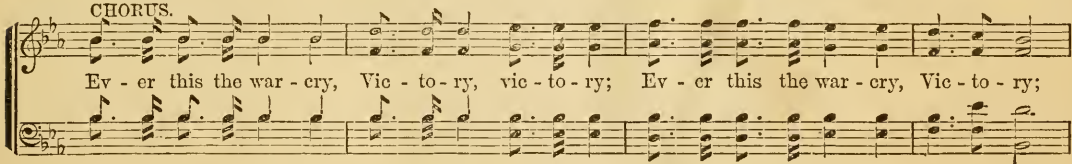


1. On to the conflict, soldiers for the right, Arm you with the Spirit's sword, and march to the fight;  
 2. Fierce-ly it ra-ges, dead-ly is the strife, But the prize that you shall win will be end-less life;  
 3. Val-iant and cheerful, marching right a-long, Ev-ery foe shall quit the field, tho' haughty and strong;  
 4. Soon shall the war-fare and the con-flict cease, Soon shall dawn the welcome day of rest-ing and peace;

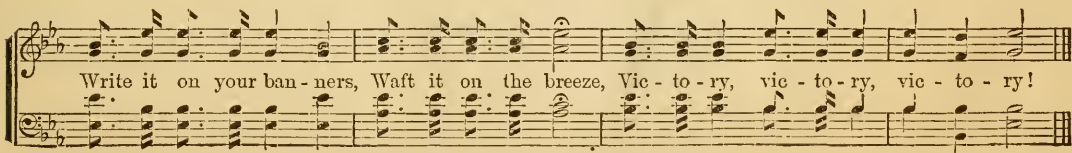


Truth be your watchword, sound the ring-ing cry, Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry!  
 Je-sus will crown you, your re-ward shall be Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry!  
 Fear shall oppress them, truth shall make them flee; Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry!  
 Foes all subdued, we'll raise to heaven the cry, Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry!

## CHORUS.



Ev-er this the war-cry, Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry; Ev-er this the war-cry, Vic-to-ry;

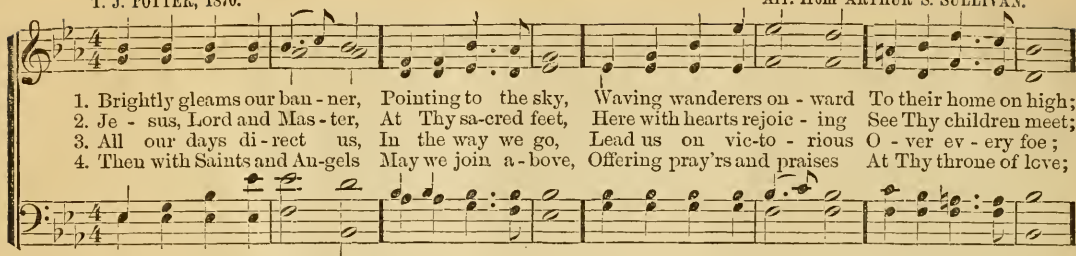


Write it on your ban-ners, Waft it on the breeze, Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry!

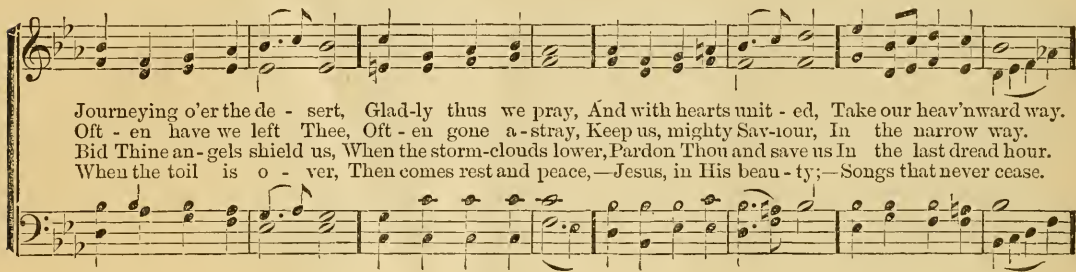
## BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR BANNER.

T. J. POTTER, 1870.

Arr. from ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

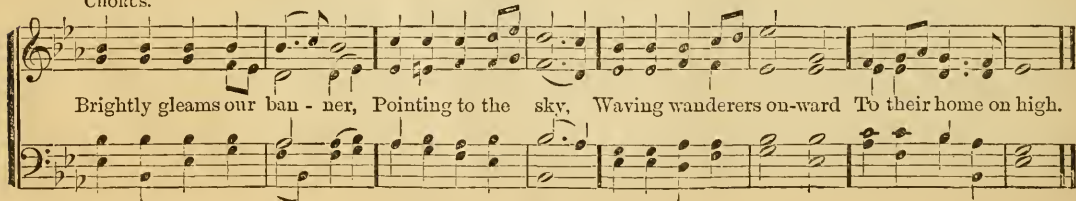


1. Brightly gleams our ban - ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wanderers on - ward To their home on high;  
 2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter, At Thy sa - cred feet, Here with hearts rejoic - ing See Thy children meet;  
 3. All our days di - rect us, In the way we go, Lead us on vic - to - rious O - ver ev - ery foe;  
 4. Then with Saints and An - gels May we join a - bove, Offering pray'rs and praises At Thy throne of love;



Journeying o'er the de - sert, Glad - ly thus we pray, And with hearts unit - ed, Take our heav'nward way.  
 Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft - en gone a - stray, Keep us, mighty Sav - iour, In the narrow way.  
 Bid Thine an - gels shield us, When the storm - clouds lower, Pardon Thou and save us In the last dread hour.  
 When the toil is o - ver, Then comes rest and peace, - Jesus, in His beau - ty; - Songs that never cease.

## CHORUS.



Brightly gleams our ban - ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wanderers on - ward To their home on high.



*Vigorously, in march time.*

1. Sound the bat - tle cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high For the Lord; Gird your ar - mor on,

CHORUS. *ff*  
Stand firm ev - ery one; Rest your cause upon His ho - ly word. Rouse then, sol - diers! ral - ly round the banner!

Read - y, stead - y, pass the word a - long; On - ward, for - ward, shout a - loud Hosan - na!

Christ is Cap - tain of the might - y throng.

2 Strong to meet the foe,  
Marching on we go,  
While our cause we know  
Must prevail;  
Shield and banner bright  
Gleaming in the light;  
Battling for the right  
We ne'er can fail.

3 Oh! Thou God of all,  
Hear us when we call;  
Help us one and all  
By Thy grace;  
When the battle's done,  
And the vic'try won,  
May we wear the crown  
Before Thy face.

## OUT IN THE VINEYARD GROUND.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Up with the morning! up and a - way, Out in the vineyard ground! Go help the workers  
 2. Some may be wea-ry, la - den with care, Out in the vineyard ground; Help them their burdens  
 3. Working for Je - sus, ho - ly de - light! Out in the vineyard ground; Work till the day beams

*Organ.*

D. S. Why do we lin - ger?

FINE. CHORUS.

toil - ing to - day, Out in the vineyard ground. Glean with the reapers, holding up their hands;  
 cheer - ful to bear, Out in the vineyard ground.  
 fade in - to night, Out in the vineyard ground.

Up and a - way, Out in the vineyard ground!

D. S.

4.

Hear what the Master in his blessed word commands; Soon from the harvest, fruit ye shall bring  
 Home from the vineyard ground;  
 Soon will your glad hearts joyfully sing,  
 Home from the vineyard ground.

From "Royal Diadem," by permission.

DOVER. S. M.

(276) "Coronation," 178. Key E.

1 Give to the winds thy fears:  
 Hope, and be undismay'd;  
 God hearsthy sighs, and countsthy tears,  
 God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, through clouds and  
 He gently clears thy way: [storms,  
 Wait thou His time: so shall this night  
 Soon end in joyous day.

3 Far, far above thy thought  
 His counsel shall appear,  
 When fully He the work hath wrought,  
 That caused thy needless fear.

4 What though thou rulest not!  
 Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,  
 Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,  
 And ruleth all things well!

RETREAT L. M.

(277) Christian Songs, 108. Key B $\flat$ .  
 1 From every stormy wind that blows,  
 From every swelling tide of woes,  
 There is a calm, a sure retreat,  
 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
 The oil of gladness on our heads;  
 A place than all besides more sweet,  
 It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend.  
 Where friend holds fellowship with  
 friend,  
 Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
 Around one common mercy-seat.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

(278) Coronation, 129. Key F.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away;  
 Away, ye tempters of the mind,  
 False as the smooth, deceitful sea,  
 And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along,  
 Down to the gulf of dark despair;  
 And while I listened to your song,  
 Your streams had e'en conveyed me  
 [there.

3 Lord, I adore Thy matchless grace,  
 Which warned me of that dark abyss.  
 Which drew me from those treacherous  
 And bad me seek superior bliss. [seas,

4 Now to the shining realms above,  
 I stretch my hands and glance my eyes;  
 O for the pinions of a dove,  
 To bear me to the upper skies!

MEROE. L. M.

(279) Bradbury Trio, 325. Key G.

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,  
 A mortal man ashamed of Thee!  
 Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise—  
 Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far  
 Let evening blush to own a star;  
 He sheds the beams of light divine  
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend  
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend:  
 No: when I blush, be this my shame,  
 That I no more revere His name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,  
 When I've no guilt to wash away,—

From "Book of Praise," by permission.

No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
 No fears to hush, no soul to save.

5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain!  
 And O may this my glory be,  
 Jesus is not ashamed of me!

JESUS DEAR.

(280) Fresh Laurels, 31. Key A.

1 JESUS dear, I come to Thee,  
 Thou hast said I may;  
 Tell me what my life should be,  
 Take my sins away;  
 Jesus, dear, I learn of Thee  
 In Thy word divine:  
 Ev'ry promise there I see,  
 May I call it mine.

CHO. Jesus hear my humble song;  
 I am weak, but Thou art strong;  
 Gently lead my soul along;  
 Help me come to Thee.

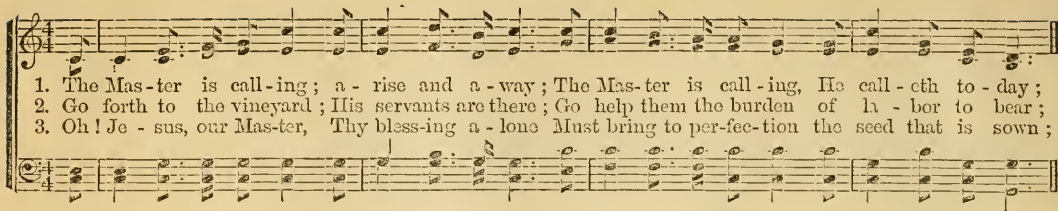
2 Jesus, dear, I long for Thee,  
 Long Thy peace to know,  
 Grant those purer joys to me,  
 Earth can ne'er bestow:  
 Jesus, dear, I cling to Thee;  
 When my heart is sad,  
 Thou wilt kindly speak to me,  
 Thou wilt make me glad.

3 Jesus, dear, I trust in Thee,  
 Trust Thy tender love;  
 There's a happy home for me,  
 With Thy saints above;  
 Jesus, I would come to Thee,  
 Thou hast said I may:  
 Tell me what my life should be,  
 Take my sins away.

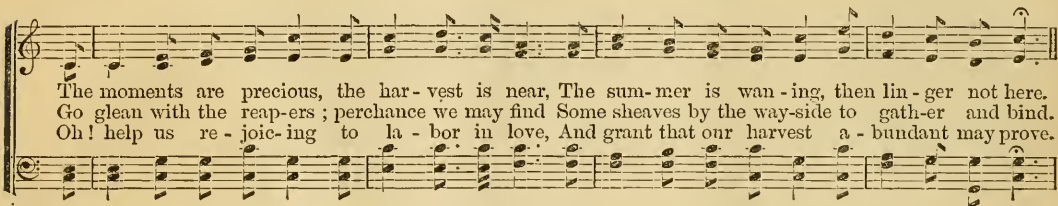
## THE MASTER IS CALLING.

F. J. C.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

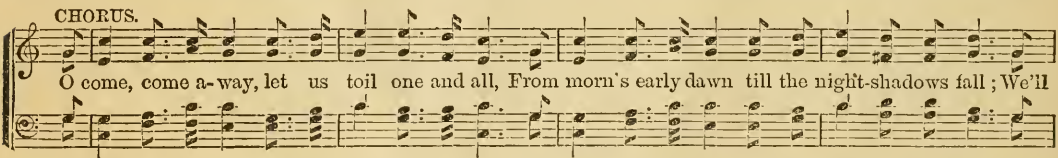


1. The Mas-ter is call-ing; a - rise and a - way; The Mas-ter is call-ing, He call-eth to - day;  
 2. Go forth to the vineyard; His servants are there; Go help them the burden of la - bor to bear;  
 3. Oh! Je - sus, our Mas-ter, Thy bless-ing a - lone Must bring to per-fec-tion the seed that is sown;

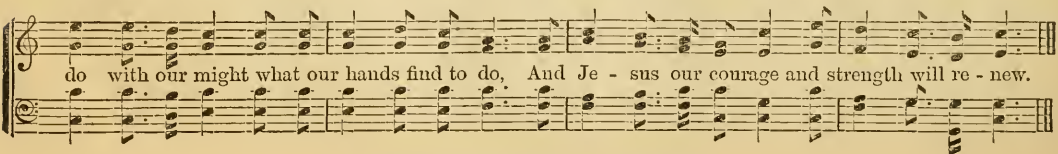


The moments are precious, the har-vest is near, The sum-mer is wan-ing, then lin-ger not here.  
 Go glean with the reap-ers; perchance we may find Some sheaves by the way-side to gath-er and bind.  
 Oh! help us re-joic-ing to la - bor in love, And grant that our harvest a - bundant may prove.

CHORUS.



O come, come a-way, let us toil one and all, From morn's early dawn till the night-shadows fall; We'll



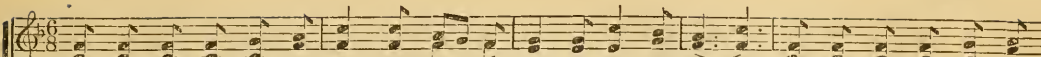
do with our might what our hands find to do, And Je - sus our courage and strength will re - new.

# WE WILL JOURNEY ON.

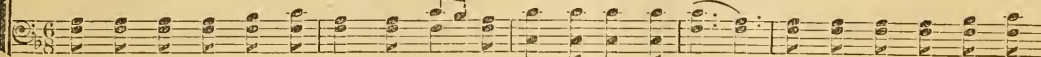

F. J. C.

R. LOWRY.

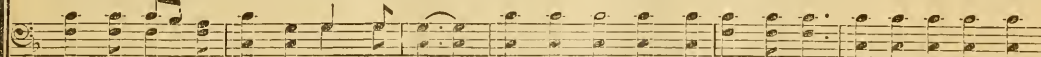
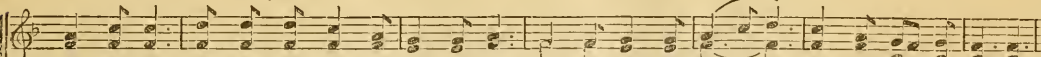
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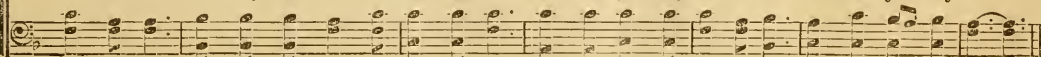
1. Brighter and brighter the way is grow-ing—We will journey on; Pur-er and clear-er the  
 2. Brighter and brighter our hope is shin-ing—We will journey on; Clos-er and clos-er our  
 3. Firm to the arm of the Sav- iour clinging—We will journey on; Sweeter and sweeter our  
 4. Near-er the mansions with beau- ty glow-ing—We will journey on; Near-er the flow-ers im -

streams are flow-ing—We will jour-ney on; Streams that in peaceful murmurs glide, Fed by a fountain  
 hearts are twining—We will jour-ney on; On - ly a while we pause to rest Under the cross that  
 songs are ring-ing—We will jour-ney on; What if a pass-ing cloud a-rise? What if its gloom should  
 mor - tal grow-ing—We will jour-ney on; Near-er the tree of life so fair, Near-er, the heavenly

deep and wide—Cheered by their voice on every side, We will journey on, We will journey on.  
 Je - sus blessed; Wearing His name on every breast, We will journey on, We will journey on.  
 vail our skies? Touched by His hand, it fades, it dies—We will journey on, We will journey on.  
 fruit to share, Glo-ry to God! we'll soon be there—We will journey on, We will journey on.



journey on,

From "Brightest and Best," by permission.



## STRIKE! O STRIKE FOR VICTORY!

Mrs. MARY A. KIDDER.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Strike! O strike for vic - t'ry Soldiers of the Lord, Hoping in His mer - cy, Trusting in His word;  
 2. Strike! O strike for vic - t'ry He - roes of the cross, Sac - ri - fic - ing pleasure, Glo - ry - ing in loss;  
 3. Hand to hand u - nit - ed, Heart to heart as one, Let us still keep marching Till our journey's done,

Lift the gos - pel ban - ner High a - bove the world; Let its folds of beau - ty Ev - er be un - furled.  
 Ev - er pressing on - ward, On - ward to the light, Till we reach the Jordan, With our home in sight.  
 Till we see the an - gels Come in glo - ry down, With the shining garments And the vic - tor's crown.

## CHORUS.

Strike! strike for Vic - t'ry, He - roes bold; Strike! till the Vic - t'ry You be - hold;

Strike! strike for Vic - t'ry, Ne'er give o'er; Rest then in glo - ry Ev - er more.

# ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

R. LOWRY.

11

1. An - y - where with Jesus, says the Christian heart, Let Him take me where He will, so we do not part ;  
 2. An - y - where with Jesus, tho' He leadeth me Where the path is rough and long, where the dangers be ;  
 3. An - y - where with Jesus, tho' He please to bring In - to floods or fier - est flames, in - to suf - fer - ing ;  
 4. An - y - where with Jesus ; for it cannot be Drea - ry, dark, or des - o - late, when He is with me ;

Al - ways sit - ting at His feet, there's no cause for fears ; Any - where with Je - sus in this vale of tears.  
 Tho' He tak - eth from my heart all I love be - low, An - y - where with Je - sus will I gladly go.  
 Tho' He bid me work or wait, on - ly bear for Him, An - y - where with Je - sus, this shall be my hymn.  
 He will love me to the end, ev - 'ry need supply ; An - y - where with Je - sus, should I live or die.

## REFRAIN.

Any - where with Je - sus, an - y - where, any - where ; An - y - where with Je - sus, I'll fol - low an - y - where.

From " Pure Gold," by permission.

Mrs. MARY A. KIDDER.

W. H. DOANE.

1. We are on our way to Zi-on's ho - ly hill, Let us march, and pray, and la - bor with a will ;  
 2. We are pressing on to seek a bet - ter land, We will trust in God, and fol - low His command ;  
 3. 'Tis a glo - rious work He lead - eth us to do, In His own bright track with vig - or we'll pursue ;  
 4. We are pressing on, and brighter is the road, For we see the light from yon - der blest a - bode ;

*FINE.*

We shall run the race in spite of ev - ery ill, We are Gos - pel Vol - un - teers.  
 He will lead us on with gen - tle, lov - ing hand; We are Gos - pel Vol - un - teers.  
 Tho' our hearts may faint, our cour - age He'll re - new, We are Gos - pel Vol - un - teers.  
 We are leav - ing sin for ho - li - ness and God, We are Gos - pel Vol - un - teers.

*D. S.*—And we'll tell the world where - ev - er we may go, We are Gos - pel Vol - un - teers.

REFRAIN.

*D. S.*

Let us sing to the Lord, Hap - py songs as we march a - long;

Let us sing to the Lord, Let us sing to the Lord,

From "Brightest and Best," by permission.



WORK FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

(184) Bradbury Trio, 194. Key F.

1 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work thro' the morning hours;  
Work, while the dew is sparkling,  
Work 'mid springing flowers;  
Work when the day grows brighter,  
Work in the glowing sun;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor,  
Rest comes sure and soon;  
Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store;  
Work, for the night is coming;  
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies,  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies;  
Work till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more:  
Work, while the night is dark'ning,  
When man's work is o'er.

ROTHWELL. L. M.

(185) Christian Songs, 201. Key E $\flat$ .

1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,  
And gird the Gospel armor on;  
March to the gates of endless joy,  
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;  
But hell and sin are vanquished foes,  
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross;  
And sung the triumph when He rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on—  
Press forward to the heavenly gate;  
There peace and joy eternal reign,  
And glittering robes for conquerors  
wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,  
And triumph in almighty grace,  
While all the armies of the skies  
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

LABAN. S. M.

(186) Bradbury Trio, 61. Key C.

1 My soul, be on thy guard,  
Ten thousand foes arise;  
And hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O! watch, and fight, and pray—  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,  
Nor lay thine armor down;  
Thine arduous work will not be done,  
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God;  
He'll take thee at thy parting breath  
To His divine abode.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL ARMY. 4

(187) Bradbury Trio, 27. Key G.

1 ||: O, do not be discouraged,  
For Jesus is your Friend, :||  
||: He will give you grace to conquer, :||  
And keep you to the end.  
Cuo.—I am glad I'm in this army,  
||: Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army, :||  
And I'll battle for the Lord.

2 ||: Fight on, ye little soldiers,  
The battle you shall win, :||  
||: For the Saviour is your Captain, :||  
And He has vanquished sin.

3 ||: And when the conflict's over,  
Before Him you shall stand, :||  
||: You shall sing His praise for ever, :||  
In Canaan's happy land.

WEBB. 7s, &amp; 6s. D.

(188) Bradbury Trio, 104. Key B $\flat$ .

1 Go forward, Christian soldier,  
Beneath His banner true:  
The Lord Himself, thy Leader,  
Shall all thy foes subdue.  
Trust only Christ, thy Captain  
Cease not to watch and pray;  
Heed not the treach'rous voices  
That lure thy soul astray.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier  
Nor dream of peaceful rest,  
Till Satan's host is vanquished,  
And heaven is all possess;  
Till Christ Himself shall call thee  
To lay thine armor by,  
And wear, in endless glory,  
The crown of victory.

From "Book of Praise," by permission.

*Gently.*

1. Cast the net a - gain, my broth-er, Cast it on the oth - er side ; Seek by  
 2. Cast the net at morn and ev - en ; Cast it when the noon is bright ; Rest from  
 3. E'en at night when bright stars glis - ten, And the port of bliss is near, Then, per-  
 4. When the rays of bliss are beam-ing On the hills of light a - bove, May you

## REFRAIN.

pa - tient toil to gather Treasures from the rolling tide. Je - sus waits up - on the shore ; He will  
 la - bor will be given, When ap - pears the dew - y night.  
 haps, while angels listen, You can give a word of cheer.  
 find each treasure gleaming In the Saviour's perfect love.

count your treasures o'er ; Yes, he waits up - on the shore, And will count your treasures o'er.

From "Royal Diadem," by permission.

# HOLD IT UP TO THE WORLD.

15

F. J. C.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Take the cross, take the cross, hold it up to the world, With its banner of hope by the  
2. Lift it high, lift it high, let the friendless behold ; There are hearts that will weep when its

Saviour unfurled ; Hold it up, and the lost to its ref - uge may flee Where the dear Saviour  
sto - ry is told ; Lift it high, and the poor to its shel - ter may flee Where the dear Saviour

## CHORUS.

pleads : I am seeking for thee. Hold it up to the world, Hold it up to the world ; Falter  
pleads : I have suffered for thee.

Hold it upward, Hold it upward, Hold it upward, Hold it upward,

never, hold it ev - er, Hold it up to the world.

- 3 Take the cross, take the cross, and rejoice in the Lord ;  
Go ye forth, go ye forth in the strength of his word ;  
Hold it up, and the eye of the careless may see  
Where the dear Saviour pleads : I was wounded for thee.

- 4 O the cross, blessed cross, with the blood crimson tide  
Like a river of love flowing down from its side !  
To the cross all may come ; hold it up and proclaim  
Here is pardon and peace thro' a Saviour's dear name.

From "Royal Diadem," by permission.

## RING, RING THE BELLS.

R. LOWRY.

1. Ring, ring the bells o - ver o - cean and shore, Je - sus, the Ris - en, shall suf - fer no more ;  
 2. Break from your bondage of Win - ter, O Earth, Wake to a Spring-time of mu - sic and mirth ;  
 3. Ring, ring the ti - dings with joy in the chime, Down thro' the shadows of er - ror and crime ;

Je - sus, the Ris - en, is might-y to save ; Where is thy strength and thy vic - t'ry, O Grave ?  
 Bloss-om and sing, for your darkness is done ; Je - sus hath ris - en, thy life - giv-ing Sun.  
 Ring to the spir - it of bondman and free, "Je - sus is ris - en, and liv - eth for thee."

## REFRAIN.

Ring, ring the bells, ring, ring, ring the bells, Ring them  
 Ring, ring the bells, ring, ring the bells, ring, ring the bells, ring, ring the bells,

From "Royal Diadem," by permission.

joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly ; lift the voice and sing ; Death is vanquished, and the Lord is King.

This musical score is for the song 'Ring, Ring the Bells'. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

ALEXANDER CLARK.

*Tenderly.*

## BLESS ME NOW.

R. LOWRY.

1. Heavenly Fa-ther, bless me now ; At the cross of Christ I bow ; Take my guilt and grief a - way ;  
 2. Now, O Lord ! this ver - y hour, Send Thy grace and show Thy power ; While I rest up - on Thy word,  
 3. Now, just now, for Je - sus' sake, Lift the clouds, the fet-ters break ; While I look, and as I cry,  
 4. Nev - er did I so a - dore Je - sus Christ, Thy Son, before ; Now the time ! and this the place !

This musical score is for the hymn 'Bless Me Now'. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

## REFRAIN.

Hear and heal me now, I pray. Bless me now, bless me now, Heavenly Fa-ther, bless me now.  
 Come and bless me now, O Lord !  
 Touch and cleanse me ere I die.  
 Gracious Fa-ther, show Thy grace.

This musical score is for the refrain of the hymn 'Bless Me Now'. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



## THE MASTER SAYS, GO!

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Go work in my vineyard, the Master says, go! The fruitage is glint-ing with rich, rud-dy glow; The sun of the  
 2. Oh, heed now the calling; up, while it is day; Perhaps, in life's dawning, thy strength may decay; Then give unto  
 3. Oh, haste to the vineyard; the Master's own voice Has called you to duty; He'll bid you rejoice, When, safe in His

morning is now in the west, The day's ear-ly gleaners are faint-ing for rest; With ho-ly com- passion, and  
 Jesus the dew of thy youth, And seek thro' his mercy, the sunlight of truth; With ho-ly com- passion, and  
 kingdom, on heaven's bright shore. The fruitage is gathered, and la- bor is o'er; With ho-ly com- passion, and

hearts all a- glow. Go work in my vineyard, the Master says, go!  
 hearts all a- glow, Go work in my vineyard, the Master says, go!  
 hearts all a- glow, Oh, haste to the vineyard, the Master says, go!

4.

Forever in glory the faithful shall sing,  
 Our days-work was given to Jesus our King;  
 And, thro' the rich fullness of faith in His love,  
 The vintage is gathered, and garnered above;  
 We entered the vineyard with hearts all aglow  
 And toil'd for our Master when Jesus said, go!

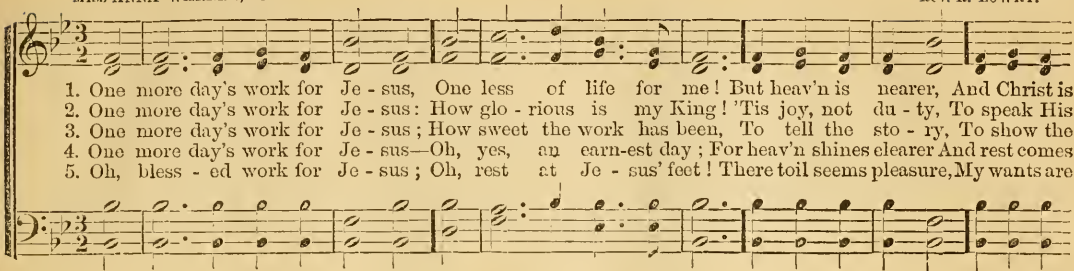
From "Royal Diadem," by permission.

# ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS.

19

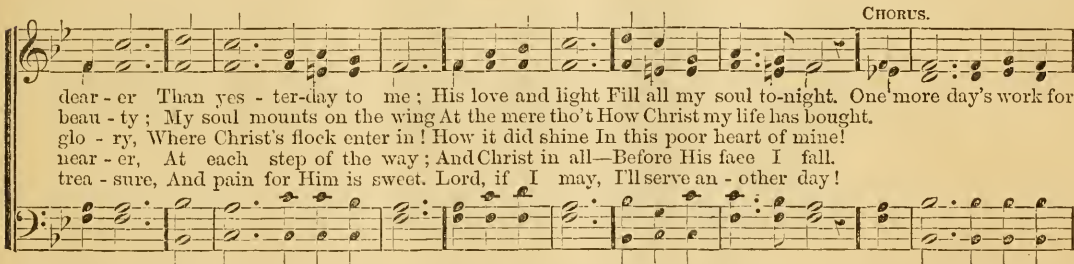
Miss ANNA WARNER, 1864.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

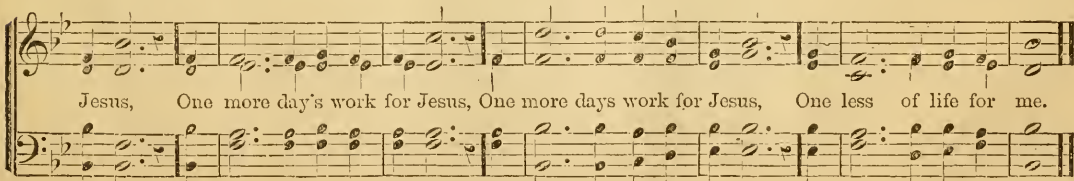


1. One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me! But heav'n is nearer, And Christ is  
 2. One more day's work for Je - sus: How glo - rious is my King! 'Tis joy, not du - ty, To speak His  
 3. One more day's work for Je - sus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the sto - ry, To show the  
 4. One more day's work for Je - sus—Oh, yes, an earn-est day; For heav'n shines clearer And rest comes  
 5. Oh, bless - ed work for Je - sus; Oh, rest at Je - sus' feet! There toil seems pleasure, My wants are

CHORUS.



dear - er Than yes - ter-day to me; His love and light Fill all my soul to-night. One more day's work for  
 beau - ty; My soul mounts on the wing At the mere tho't How Christ my life has bought.  
 glo - ry, Where Christ's flock enter in! How it did shine In this poor heart of mine!  
 near - er, At each step of the way; And Christ in all—Before His faee I fall.  
 trea - sure, And pain for Him is sweet. Lord, if I may, I'll serve an - other day!

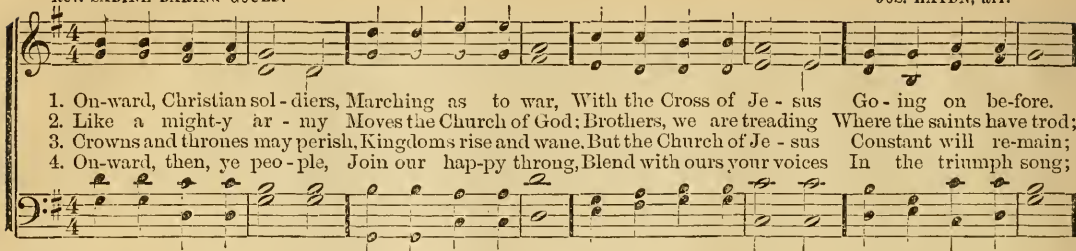


Jesus, One more day's work for Jesus, One more days work for Jesus, One less of life for me.

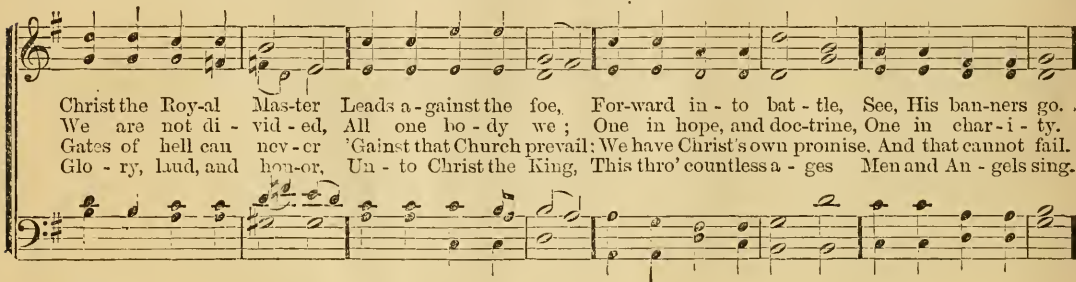
## ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Rev. SABINE BARING GOULD.

JOS. HAYDN, arr.

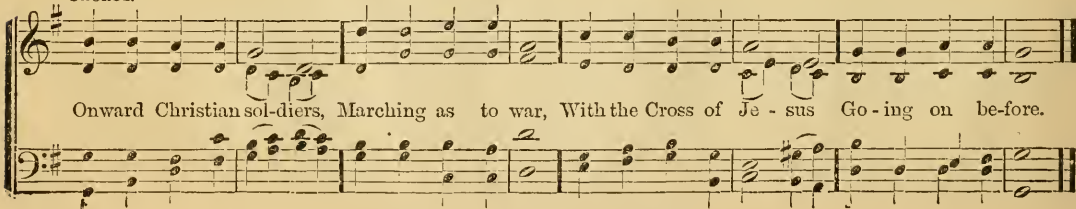


1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.  
 2. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are treading Where the saints have trod;  
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus Constant will re-main;  
 4. On-ward, then, ye peo-ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;



Christ the Roy-al Mas-ter Leads a-gainst the foe, For-ward in-to bat-tle, See, His ban-ners go.  
 We are not di-vid-ed, All one bo-dy we; One in hope, and doc-trine, One in char-i-ty.  
 Gates of hell can nev-er 'Gainst that Church prevail: We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.  
 Glo-ry, laud, and hon-or, Un-to Christ the King, This thro' countless a-ges Men and An-gels sing.

## CHORUS.



Onward Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.



# TAKE UP THE CROSS.

21

F. J. C.

E. LOWRY.

1. If my dis-ci-ple thou wouldst be, Take up the cross and follow me; Rough tho' the journey.  
 2. What if the world re-proach thy name? Take up the cross, despise the shame; Glo-ry in this, that  
 3. Bearing the cross in good or ill, Trusting the hand that guides thee still, Soon thou wilt reach the

strait the road, This is the way that leads to God; Free-ly I give myself for thee; Take up the  
 love di-vine Brings thee a ransom, makes thee mine; Think of the thorns I wore for thee; Take up the  
 gates of light, Soon will thy faith be chang'd to sight; There is a crown of life for thee; Take up the

## REFRAIN.

cross and fol-low me. Take up the cross, Take up the cross, Take up the cross and fol-low me.  
 cross and fol-low me.  
 cross and fol-low me.

From "Brightest and Best," by permission.

## TO JESUS I WILL GO.

W. H. DOANE.

1st.

1. { There's a gentle voice within calls away, (calls away,) 'Tis a warning I have heard o'er and o'er; (o'er and o'er,)  
 But my heart is melted now, I o-bey; (I obey;) From my Saviour I will wander no [OMIT. ....]  
 2. { He has promised all my sins to forgive, (to forgive,) If I ask in simple faith for his love; (for his love.)  
 In his holy word I learn how to live, (how to live,) And to labor for his kingdom a - [OMIT. ....]

2d. | CHORUS.

more. Yes, I will go; yes, I will go; To Je-sus I will go and be saved; Yes, I will go;  
 bove.

Yes, I will go; To Jesus I will go and be saved.

- 3 I will try to bear the cross in my youth,  
 And be faithful to its cause till I die;  
 If with cheerful step I walk in the truth,  
 I shall wear a starry crown by and by. - *Cho.*
- 4 Still the gentle voice within calls away,  
 And its warning I have heard o'er and o'er;  
 But my heart is melted now, I obey;  
 From my Saviour I will wander no more.  
 -- *Cho.*

# COMING NEARER.

23

Mrs. M. E. M. SANGSTER.

R. LOWRY.

*Cheerfully.*

1. It's com-ing, com-ing near - er, The love-ly land un - seen; Its shores are growing clear-er, Though  
 2. The balm-y winds are bringing Its o - dors on their breath; Our ship of life is swinging To the  
 3. It's com-ing, com-ing near - er, We're homeward bound at last; Its shores are growing clear-er, We

D. S. Oh yes! its coming near - er, The

FINE.

mists lie dark be - tween; We catch its beams of glo - ry, We hear its bursts of song, We're  
 port where is no death; Where none are heav-y heart-ed, Where all are glad and free, Where  
 soon shall an - chor fast; We'll dwell with Him for ev - er Who brought us o'er the tide, And

love - ly land un - seen.

REFRAIN.

D.S.

raptured with its sto - ry, For it our spir-its long. Oh yes! it's coming nearer, nearer nearer;  
 friends are never part-ed, And saints their Saviour see.  
 not a foe shall sev - er Our souls from His dear side.

From "Royal Diadem," by permission.

\* FANNIE.

W. H. DOANE.

1. On-ly a step to Je-sus! Then why not take it now? Come, and, thy sin con-fess-ing, To  
 2. On-ly a step to Je-sus! Believe, and thou shalt live; Lov-ing-ly now he's wait-ing, And  
 3. On-ly a step to Je-sus! A step from sin to grace; What hast thy heart de-cided? The  
 4. On-ly a step to Je-sus! O why not come, and say, Glad-ly to thee, my Sav-iour, I

## REFRAIN.

Him thy Saviour bow. On-ly a step, On-ly a step; Come, he waits for thee; Come, and, thy  
 read-y to for-give.  
 moments fly a-pace.  
 give my-self a-way?

sin con-fess-ing, Thou shalt receive a blessing; Do not reject the mer-cy He free-ly of-fers thee.

COME THOU FOUNT.

(260) Christian Songs, 149. Key E. b.

1 COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise  
CHO. I love Jesus, Hallelujah,  
I love Jesus, yes, I do,  
I do love Jesus, He's my Saviour,  
Jesus smiles, and loves me too.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above;  
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it;  
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

3 Jesus sought me, when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.

4 Prone to wander,—Lord, I feel it,  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here's my heart—O, take and seal it,  
Seal it for Thy courts above.

COME, THOU FOUNT.

(261) Christian Songs, 149. Key E. b.

1 "MERCY, O Thou Son of David!"  
Thus the blind Bartimeus prayed,  
"Others by the word are saved;  
Now to me afford Thine aid."  
Many for his crying chid him,  
But he called the louder still;  
Till the gracious Saviour bid him  
"Come, and ask Me what you will."

2 Money was not what he wanted,  
Though by begging used to live;  
But he asked, and Jesus granted,  
Alms which none but He could give.  
"Lord, remove this grievous blindness,  
Let my eyes behold the day!"  
Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,  
Followed Jesus in the way.

3 Oh! methinks I hear him praising,  
Publishing to all around;  
"Friends, is not my case amazing?  
What a Saviour I have found!  
O that all the blind but knew Him,  
And would be advised by me!  
Surely they would hasten to Him,  
He would cause them all to see."

WE ARE COMING BLESSED SAVIOUR.

(262) Christian Songs, 91. Key D.

We are coming, blessed Saviour,  
We hear Thy gentle voice,  
We would be Thine for ever,  
And in Thy love rejoice.

CHO. We are coming, we are coming,  
We are coming, blessed Saviour,  
We are coming, we are coming,  
We hear Thy gentle voice.

2 We are coming, blessed Saviour,  
To meet that happy band,  
And sing with them for ever,  
And in Thy presence stand.

From "Book of Praise," by permission.

3 We are coming, blessed Saviour,  
Our Father's house we see—  
A glorious mansion ever,  
For souls from sin set free.

4 We are coming, blessed Saviour,  
To crown our Jesus King,  
And then with angels ever,  
His praises we will sing.

I'M A PILGRIM GOING HOME.

(263) Christian Songs, 162. Key D.

1 CHRISTIANS, I am on my journey!  
Ere I reach the narrow sea,  
I would tell the wondrous story,  
What the Lord has done for me.

CHO. Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
Though a stranger here I roam,  
I am on my way to Zion,  
I'm a pilgrim going home.

2 I was lost, but Jesus found me,  
Taught my heart to seek His face;  
From a wild and lonely desert,  
Brought me to His fold of grace.

3 Now my soul with rapture glowing,  
Sings aloud His pard'ning love;  
Looks beyond a world of sorrow,  
To the pilgrim's home above.

4 I shall yet behold my Saviour,  
When the day of life is o'er,  
I shall cast my crown before Him,  
I shall praise Him evermore.



1. Mourner, where-so - e'er thou art, *At the cross there's room;* Tell the bur - den of thy heart;  
 2. Haste thee, wanderer, tar - ry not; *At the cross there's room;* Seek that con - se - cra - ted spot;  
 3. Thoughtless sinner, come to - day; *At the cross there's room;* Hark! the Bride and Spir-it say,

*At the cross there's room;* Tell it in thy Sav-iour's ear, Cast a - way thy ev - ery fear,  
*At the cross there's room;* Heav-y - la - den, sore oppressed, Love can soothe thy troubled breast;  
*At the cross there's room;* Now a liv - ing foun-tain see, Opened there for you and me,

On - ly speak, and he will hear; *At the cross there's room.*  
 In the Sav - iour find thy rest; *At the cross there's room.*  
 Rich and poor, for bond and free; *At the cross there's room.*

4 Blessed thought! for every one  
*At the cross there's room;*  
 Love's atoning work is done;  
*At the cross there's room;*  
 Streams of boundless mercy flow,  
 Free to all who thither go;  
 O that all the world might know,  
*At the cross there's room!*

# SO NEAR TO THE KINGDOM.

27

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1875.

R. LOWRY.

1. So near to the kingdom! yet what dost thou lack? So near to the kingdom! what keepeth thee
2. So near that thou hearest the songs that resound From those who be-liev-ing, a par-don have
3. O come, or thy sea-son of grace will be past, The door will be closed, and this call be thy
4. To die with no hope! hast thou counted the cost? To die out of Christ, and thy soul to be

back? Renounce ev-ery i-dol, tho' dear it may be, And come to the Saviour now pleading with thee.  
found! So near, yet un-will-ing to give up thy sin, When Je-sus is waiting to welcome thee in!  
last; O where wouldst thou turn if the light should depart That comes from the Spirit, and shines on thy heart.  
lost! So near to the kingdom! O come, we implore, While Je-sus is pleading, come enter the door.

## REFRAIN.

Plead - - ing with thee,..... The Saviour is pleading, is pleading with thee.

Pleading with thee, pleading with thee,

From "Brightest and Best," by permission.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There were ninety, and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the fold, But one was  
 2. 'Lord thou hast here thy ninety and nine; Are they not e - nough for thee?' But the Shepherd made  
 3. But none of the ransomed ev - er knew How deep were the wa - ters crossed; Nor how dark was the  
 4. And all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven, And up from the rock - y steep, There rose a

out on the hills a - way, Far off from the gates of gold - A - way on the moun - tains  
 an - swer: "This of mine Has wan - dered a - way from me; And although the road be  
 night that the Lord passed thro', Ere he found his sheep that was lost; Out in the des - ert he  
 cry to the gate of heaven, "Re - joice! I have found my sheep!" And the an - gels echoed a -

wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der Shepherd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shepherd's care.  
 rough and steep, I go to the desert to find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."  
 heard its cry—"Twas helpless and sick, and ready to die, 'Twas helpless and sick, and ready to die.  
 round the throne, "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own, Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own."

From "Brightest and Best," by permission.



1. From the hundred sheep which the Shepherd's care Had protect-ed ma-ny a day, There was one went  
D. S.—I will go and

2. There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold, When His long, long journey was o'er, And the poor lost  
D. S.—For I love my

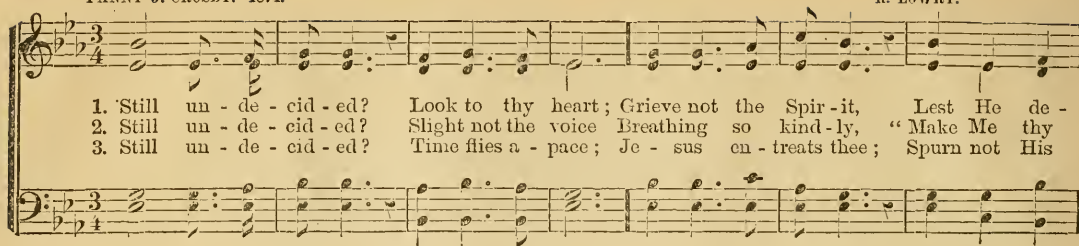
forth, and its rest-less feet In the des-ert wandered a-way; Then the Shepherd's heart was griev'd, and He  
search for the sheep I lost, I will leave the nine-ty and nine.  
sheep that had gone as-tray, In His arms He ten-der-ly bore; Then the Shepherd's heart was glad, and He  
sheep that I lost and found, More than all the nine-ty and nine.

kind-ly said: On the mountain it will languish and pine;  
said to all: What a moment of re-joice-ing is mine!

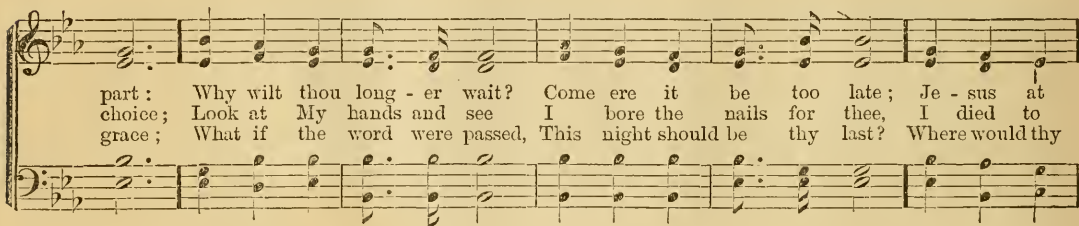
Oh, that Shepherd kind is the Son of God,  
Who has borne our sorrow and care;  
It was He who said, there is joy in heaven  
O'er the wanderer's penitent prayer;  
To the soul He bringeth back to His fold of grace,  
To His precious fold of mercy divine,  
How His heart goes out, for He loves that one  
More than all the ninety and nine.

FANNY J. CROSBY. 1874.

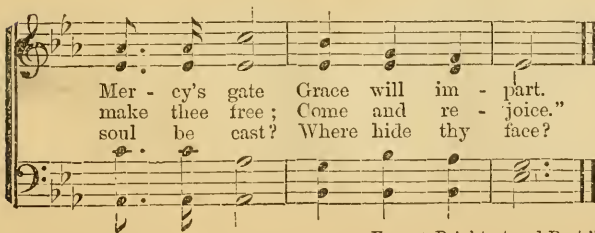
R. LOWRY.



1. Still un - de - cid - ed? Look to thy heart; Grieve not the Spir - it, Lest He de -  
 2. Still un - de - cid - ed? Slight not the voice Breathing so kind - ly, "Make Me thy  
 3. Still un - de - cid - ed? Time flies a - pace; Je - sus en - treats thee; Spurn not His



part: Why wilt thou long - er wait? Come ere it be too late; Je - sus at  
 choice; Look at My hands and see I bore the nails for thee, I died to  
 grace; What if the word were passed, This night should be thy last? Where would thy



Mer - cy's gate Grace will im - part.  
 make thee free; Come and re - joice."  
 soul be cast? Where hide thy face?

4.  
 Still undecided?

What shall we say?

Still undecided?

Yet we will pray:

Oh, may the Spirit move!

Oh, may the God above

Melt thy poor heart to love—

Melt thee to-day!

WOODWORTH. L. M.

(271) Bradbury Trio, 139. Key D.

1 Just as I am—without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am—and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot.  
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am—though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
“Fightings and fears, within, without,”  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive;  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

HAPPINESS. IIS &amp; 95.

(272) Plym. Coll., 232. Key F.

1 Oh! how happy are they  
Who the Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their treasure above:  
Oh! what tongue can express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love?

2 It was heaven below  
My Redeemer to know,  
And the angels could do nothing more  
Than to fall at His feet,  
And the story repeat,  
And the Lover of sinners adore.

3 Jesus all the day long  
Was my joy and my song:  
O that all His salvation may see;  
He hath loved me, I cried,  
He hath suffered and died,  
To redeem even rebels like me.

NAOMI. C. M.

(273) Bradbury Trio, 145. Key D.

1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus! at Thy feet  
A guilty rebel lies;  
And upward to the mercy-seat  
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice  
To pay the debt I owe,  
Tears should from both my weeping eyes  
In ceaseless torrents flow.

From “Book of Praise,” by permission.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead  
To expiate my guilt;  
Not tears but those which Thou hast shed—  
No blood, but Thou hast spilt.

4 Think of Thy sorrows, dearest Lord!  
And all my sins forgive:  
Justice will well approve the word  
That bids the sinner live.

THE SOLID ROCK. 8s.

(274) Bradbury Trio, 335. Key G.

1 My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;  
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,  
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:  
On Christ the Solid Rock, I stand;  
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil His face,  
I rest on His unchanging grace;  
In every high and stormy gale,  
My anchor holds within the veil:  
On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand;  
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,  
Support me in the whelming flood:  
When all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my hope and stay:  
On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand;  
All other ground is sinking sand.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1868.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast, There by His love o'er - shad - ed,  
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from corrod - ing care, Safe from the world's tempta - tions,

CHO.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast, There by His love o'er - shad - ed,

*rit.* Sweet-ly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,  
 Sin can-not harm me there. Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;  
*FINE.*  
 Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.

D. C. for CHORUS.

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.  
 On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears!

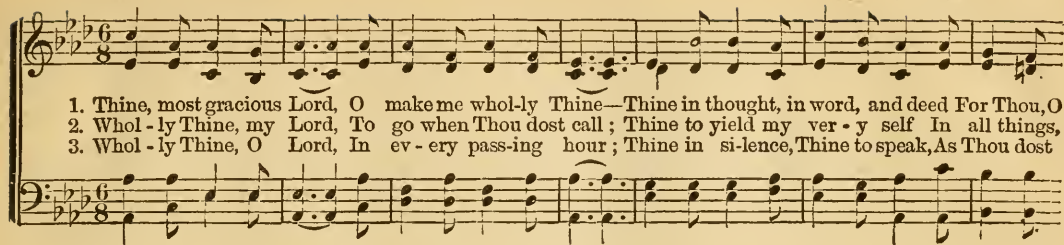
3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,  
 Jesus has died for me;  
 Firm on the Rock of Ages,  
 Ever my trust shall be.  
 Here let me wait with patience,  
 Wait till the night is o'er;  
 Wait till I see the morning  
 Break on the golden shore.  
 CHO.—Safe in the arms, &c.

# WHOLLY THINE.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

E. LOWRY.

33

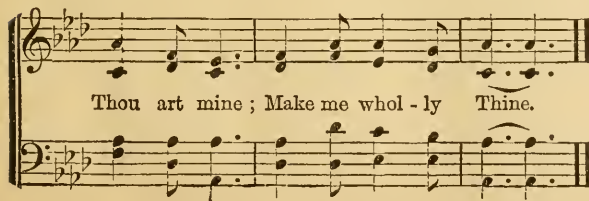


1. Thine, most gracious Lord, O make me whol-ly Thine—Thine in thought, in word, and deed For Thou, O  
 2. Whol-ly Thine, my Lord, To go when Thou dost call; Thine to yield my ver-y self In all things,  
 3. Whol-ly Thine, O Lord, In ev-ery pass-ing hour; Thine in si-lence, Thine to speak, As Thou dost

## REFRAIN.



Christ, art mine. Whol-ly Thine, wholly Thine; Thou hast bought me, I am Thine; Blessed Sav-iour,  
 great and small.  
 grant the power.



Thou art mine; Make me whol-ly Thine.

4 Wholly Thine, O Lord,  
 To fashion as Thou wilt,—  
 Strengthen, bless, and keep the soul  
 Which Thou hast saved from guilt.—*Ref.*

5 Thine, Lord, wholly Thine,  
 For ever one with Thee—  
 Rooted, grounded in Thy love  
 Abiding, sure, and free.—*Ref.*

From "Brightest and Best," by permission.



FANNY J. CROSBY, 1875.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

*Slowly.*

1. O my Sav-iour, hear me, Draw me close to Thee; Thou hast paid my ran-som,  
 2. O my Sav-iour, bless me, Bless me while I pray; Grant Thy grace to help me,  
 3. O my Sav-iour, love me, Make me all Thine own; Leave me not to wan-der

Thou hast died for me; Now by sin-ple faith I claim Par-don thro' Thy gra-cious name;  
 Take my fear a-way; I be-lieve Thy prom-ise, Lord; I will trust Thy ho-ly word;  
 In this world a-lone; Bless my way with light di-vine, Let Thy glo-ry round me shine;

Thou, my ark of safe-ty, Let me fly to Thee.  
 Thou, my soul's Re-deem-er, Bless me while I pray.  
 Thou, my Rock, my Ref-uge, Make me all Thine own.

4.

O my Saviour, guard me,  
 Keep me ever more;  
 Bless me, love and guide me,  
 Till my work is o'er,  
 May I then, with glad surprise,  
 Chant Thy praise beyond the skies  
 There with Thee, my Saviour,  
 Dwell for ever more.

## THE RIFTED ROCK.

(289) Christian Songs, 61. Key G.

1 In the Rifted Rock I'm resting,  
 Sure and safe from all alarm;  
 Storms and billows have united  
 All in vain to do me harm;  
 In the Rifted Rock I'm resting,  
 Surf is dashing at my feet,  
 Storm-clouds dark are o'er me hovering,  
 Yet my rest is all complete.  
 CHO. In the rifted Rock, &c.

2 Many a stormy sea I've traversed,  
 Many a tempest-shoek have known,  
 Have been driven, without anchor,  
 On the barren shores, and lone;  
 Yet I now have found a haven,  
 Never moved by tempest shoek,  
 Where my soul is safe for ever,  
 In the blessed Rifted Rock.

## CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M.

(290) Winrowed Hymns, 20. Key C.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,  
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins:  
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
 Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
 That fountain in his day;  
 And there may I though vile as he,  
 Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
 Shall never lose its power

Till all the ransomed church of God  
 Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
 I'll sing Thy power to save,  
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
 Lies silent in the grave.

## STATE STREET. S. M.

(291) Bradbury Trio, 71. Key B $\flat$ .

1 BLESSED be the tie that binds  
 Our hearts in Christian love;  
 The fellowship of kindred minds  
 Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,  
 We pour our ardent prayers:  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one—  
 Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;  
 Our mutual burdens bear;  
 And often for each other flows  
 The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,  
 It gives us inward pain;  
 But we shall still be join'd in heart,  
 And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives  
 Our courage by the way;  
 While each in expectation lives,  
 And longs to see the day.

From "Book of Praise," by permission.

## MARTYRDOM. C. M.

(292) Christian Songs, 201. Key A $\flat$ .

1 O COULD I find from day to day,  
 A nearness to my God,  
 Then would my hours glide sweet away,  
 While leaning on His word.

2 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,  
 And make me wholly Thine,  
 That I may never more depart  
 Nor grieve Thy love divine.

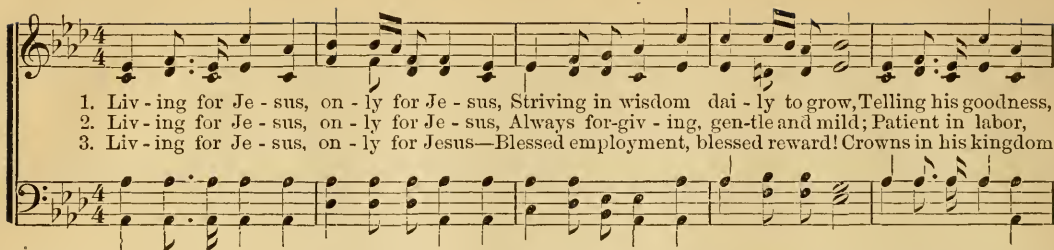
## HAPPY DAY.

(293) Christian Songs, 198. Key G.

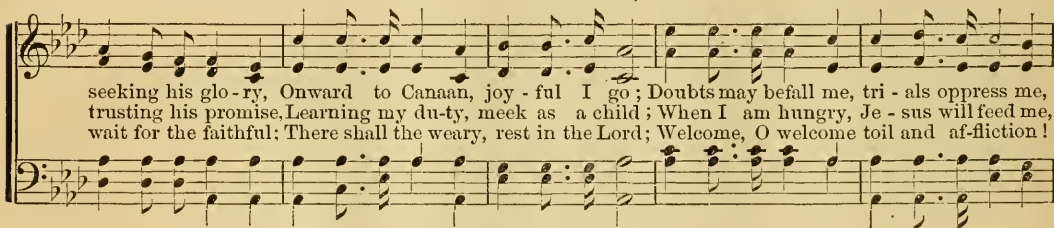
1 O HAPPY day that fix'd my choice  
 On Thee, my Saviour and my God!  
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
 And tell its raptures all abroad.  
 CHO.  
 Happy day, Happy day,  
 Here in Thy courts we'll gladly stay,  
 And at Thy footstool humbly pray  
 That Thou wouldst take our sins away;  
 Happy day, Happy day  
 When Christ shall wash our sins away.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows  
 To Him who merits all my love;  
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house,  
 While to the sacred shrine I move.

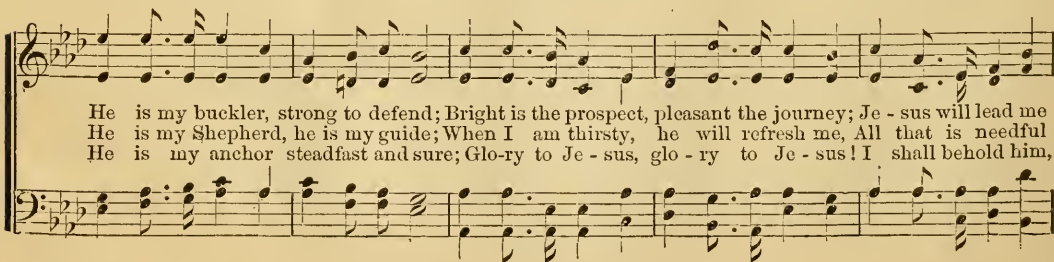
3 Now rest, my long-divided heart,  
 Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;  
 Nor ever from Thy Lord depart,  
 With Him of every good possessed.



1. Liv - ing for Je - sus, on - ly for Je - sus, Striving in wisdom dai - ly to grow, Telling his goodness,  
 2. Liv - ing for Je - sus, on - ly for Je - sus, Always for-giv - ing, gen - tle and mild; Patient in labor,  
 3. Liv - ing for Je - sus, on - ly for Je - sus—Blessed employment, blessed reward! Crowns in his kingdom



seeking his glo - ry, Onward to Canaan, joy - ful I go; Doubts may befall me, tri - als oppress me,  
 trusting his promise, Learning my du - ty, meek as a child; When I am hungry, Je - sus will feed me,  
 wait for the faithful; There shall the weary, rest in the Lord; Welcome, O welcome toil and af - fliction!



He is my buckler, strong to defend; Bright is the prospect, pleasant the journey; Je - sus will lead me  
 He is my Shepherd, he is my guide; When I am thirsty, he will refresh me, All that is needful  
 He is my anchor steadfast and sure; Glo - ry to Je - sus, glo - ry to Je - sus! I shall behold him,



## REFRAIN.

safe to the end. O the love of Jesus! Wondrous love of Jesus! I will exalt him for ev - er-more.  
he will provide.  
spotless and pure.

## JESUS, HELP ME.

F. J. C.

*Moderato.*

HENRY TUCKER, by per.

1 (Je-sus, help me, I am weary, Let me hold thy hand in mine; )  
 O my Father, do not leave me,  
 D. C. Fold me in Thy arms of mercy, Keep me from the tempter's pow'r.

D.C.

2

3

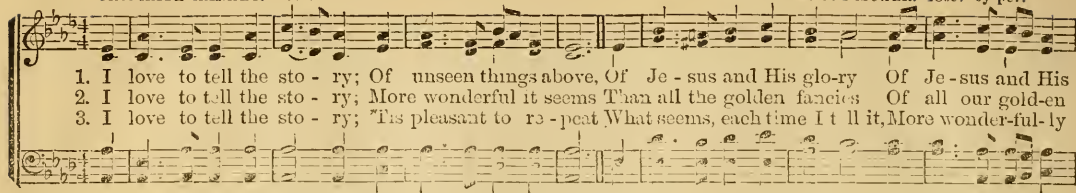
In this dark and dreadful hour;

Jesus, help me, I am fainting  
 'Neath the desert's burning sky;  
 Lead to pastures cool and fragrant,  
 There my every want supply;  
 Shade me with thy wings eternal,  
 Let me feel Thee ever near;  
 Thou canst whisper words of comfort,  
 'Thou canst dry the falling tear.

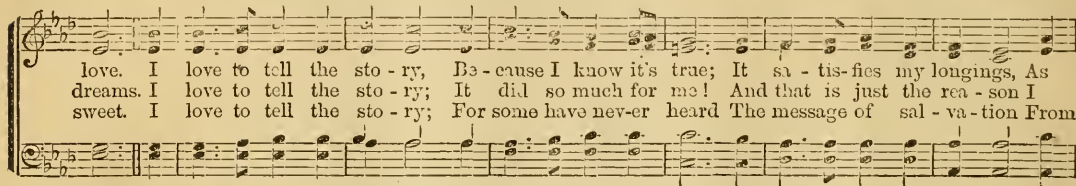
Jesus, help me, I am sinking  
 In the cold and chilly wave;  
 Give me strength, my faith increasing,  
 Thou alone hast power to save;  
 Let my soul be filled with rapture,  
 Let my hope be stayed in Thee,  
 Let me bear my cross with patience,  
 Till I sleep and wake with Thee.

Miss KATE HANKEY. 1867.

WM. G. FISCHER. 1869. by per.

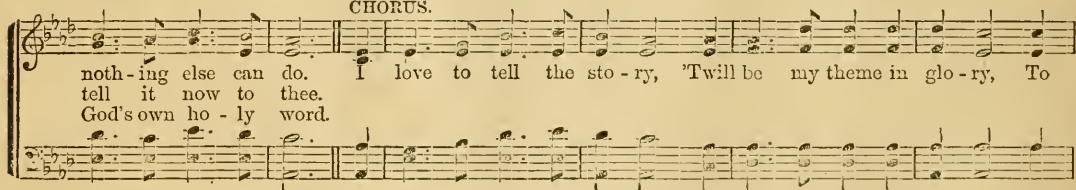


1. I love to tell the sto - ry; Of unseen things above, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry Of Je - sus and His  
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonderful it seems Than all the golden fancies Of all our gold - en  
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to re - peat What seems, each time I t ell it, More wonder - ful - ly

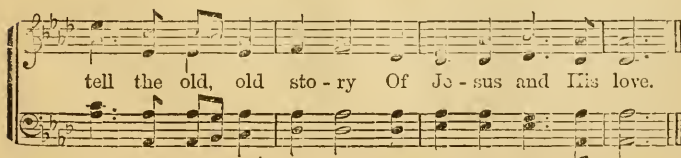


love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know it's true; It sa - tis - fies my longings, As  
dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry; It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son I  
sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry; For some have nev - er heard The message of sal - va - tion From

## CHORUS.



noth - ing else can do. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To  
tell it now to thee.  
God's own ho - ly word.



tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

4 I love to tell the story;  
For those who know it best  
Seem hungering and thirsting  
To hear it like the rest.  
And when, in scenes of glory,  
I sing the New, New Song,  
'Twill be the Old, Old Story  
That I have loved so long!

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

(283) Christian Songs, 200. Key E $\flat$ .

1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigor on:  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all animating voice,  
That calls thee from on high:  
'Tis His own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,  
Have I my race begun;  
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet  
I'll lay my honors down.

BALERMA. C. M.

(284) Bradbury Trio, 123. Key D $\flat$ .

1 AMAZING grace; how sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost but now am found—  
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to  
And grace my fears relieved; [fear,  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believed!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,  
I have already come;

'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

(285) Coronation, 129. Key F.

1 WHAT sinners value I resign;  
Lord! 'tis enough that Thou art mine;  
I shall behold Thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream—an empty show;  
But the bright world, to which I go,  
Hath joys substantial and sincere;  
When shall I wake and find me there?

3 Oh! glorious hour!—oh! blest abode,  
I shall be near, and like my God;  
And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;  
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

HEBRON. L. M.

(286) Bradbury Trio, 19. Key D $\flat$ .

1 We sing His love, who once was slain,  
Who soon o'er death revived again,  
That all His saints thro' Him might have  
Eternal conquests o'er the grave.

2 The saints who now with Jesus sleep,  
His own Almighty power shall keep  
Till dawns the bright illustrious day  
When death itself shall die away.

3 When Jesus we in glory meet,  
Our utmost joys shall be complete;  
When landed on that heavenly shore,  
Death and the curse will be no more.

From "Book of Praise," by permission.

4 Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day,  
And this delightful scene display  
When all Thy saints from death shall rise  
Raptured in bliss beyond the skies!

OLIVET. 6s &amp; 4s.

(287) Christian Songs, 200. Key F.

1 My faith looks up to Thee  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine:  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my guilt away,  
O let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire;  
As Thou hast died for me,  
O may my love to Thee,  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away  
Nor let me ever stray,  
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll;  
Blest Saviour, then in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
O, bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul!

Miss KATE HANKEY. 1867.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry Of  
 2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in — That won - der - ful re - demption, God's  
 3. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's empty glo - ry Is

Je - sus and His love. Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child,  
 rem - e - dy for sin. Tell me the sto - ry of - ten, For I for - get so soon!  
 cost - ing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's glo - ry Is dawn - ing on my soul,

CHORUS.  
 For I am weak and wea - ry, And help - less and de - filed. Tell me the old, old sto - ry,  
 The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing Has passed a - way at noon.  
 Tell me the old, old sto - ry. "Christ Je - sus makes thee whole."

Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

From "Songs of Devotion," by permission.

# THE RIFTED ROCK.

41

L. T. H.

R. LOWRY.

1. In the Rift - ed Rock I'm resting, Sure and safe from all a-larm ; Storms and bil-lows have u -  
 2. Many a storm - y sea I've traversed, Many a tempest-shock have known, Have been driven, without

nit - ed All in vain to do me harm ; In the Rift - ed Rock I'm rest-ing, Surf is  
 an-chor, On the bar - ren shores, and lone ; Yet I now have found a ha - ven, Nev - er

CHORUS.—In the Rift - ed Rock I'm rest-ing, Sure and

dash - ing at my feet, Storm-clouds dark are o'er me hovering, Yet my rest is all complete.  
 moved by tem-pest shock, Where my soul is safe for - ev - er, In the bless - ed Rift - ed Rock.

safe from all a-larm ; Storms and bil - lows have u - nit - ed All in vain to do me harm.

From "Pure Gold," by permission.



Words arranged.

E. M. M.

1. There is a door that o - pens wide, And thro' it brightly gleaming, Come rays of love from  
 2. Yes, Christ is made the door for all Who heavenly joys are seeking; Oh, that my heart would  
 3. "I am the door," 'tis Je - sus' word That points the way to heaven; Oh, cleanse my heart, most

CHORUS.

Je - sus' side, His mer - cy still re - veal - ing. Oh, wondrous mer - cy! Can it be, That  
 heed His call, While kindly He is speak - ing.  
 precious Lord, And show my sins for - giv - en.

Christ is made the door for me, For me, for me, Christ is the door for me.

# EVERY DAY AND HOUR.

43

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1874.

W. H. DOANE.

*Slowly.*

1. Saviour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee; Let Thy precious blood ap -  
 2. Thro' this changing world below, Lead me gently, gently as I go; Trusting Thee, I can - not  
 3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er; Till my soul is lost in

REFRAIN.

plied, Keep me ever, ever near Thy side. Every - day, ev - ery day, Let me  
 stray, I can never, never lose my way.  
 love, In a brighter, brighter world above. and hour, and hour,

feel Thy cleansing power; May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.

From "Brightest and Best," by permission.

\*H. E. K.

H. E. KIMBALL.

*Trustingly.*

1. There's rest on the bo - som of Je - sus For all who are wea - ry of sin ; There's pardon and  
 2. There's rest on the bo - som of Je - sus, And joy that the world cannot give ; O bring all your  
 3. There's rest on the bo - som of Je - sus, When life's day of tri - al is past ; O let us be  
 4. There's rest on the bo - som of Je - sus; Yes, life ev - er - last - ing and blest ; We'll fear not the

CHORUS.

peace for the err - ing, For those who as conquerors win. Rest, rest, rest ; Yes ! rest for the  
 sor - rows un - to him ; O trust in his mer - cy and live.  
 faith - ful and serve him, That we may be worthy at last.  
 grave, for our Sav - iour Will lead us to heaven - ly rest.

weary and sad ; There's rest on the bo - som of Je - sus ; He makes all the sorrow - ing glad.

VIOLET. 8s &amp; 7s.

(112) Bradbury Trio, 73. Key A.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow Thee;  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.  
Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, and hoped, and known;  
Yet how rich is my condition!  
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,  
They have left my Saviour, too;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me,  
Thou art not, like man untrue;  
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;  
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Know, my soul thy full salvation,  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;  
Joy to find in every station  
Something still to do or bear.  
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;  
What a Father's smile is thine;  
What a Saviour died to win thee;  
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

(113) Christian Songs, 200. Key E♭.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross—  
A follower of the Lamb—  
And shall I fear to own His cause,  
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace?  
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy word.

NAOMI. C. M.

(114) Bradbury Trio, 145. Key D.

1 LORD it belongs not to my care,  
Whether I die, or live;  
To love and serve Thee is my share,  
And this Thy grace must give.

2 If life be long I will be glad,  
That I may long obey;  
If short, yet why should I be sad  
To soar to endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker  
Than He went through before;  
He that into God's kingdom comes,  
Must enter by this door.

4 Come Lord when grace has made me  
Thy blessed face to see;  
For if Thy work on earth be sweet  
What will Thy glory be?

From "Book of Praise," by permission.

5 Then I shall end my sad complaints,  
And weary sinful days;  
And join with the triumphant saints  
To sing Jehovah's praise.  
6 My knowledge of that life is small,  
The eye of faith is dim:  
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,  
And I shall be with Him.

THE SAVIOUR'S PRAISE.

(115) Christian Songs, 145. Key A.

1 HERE we throng to praise the Saviour,  
Cheerfully our voices raise;  
He who died for our Redemption,  
Says He will accept our praise.  
Hinder not the young from coming,  
"For of such," the Saviour said,  
"Is composed My heavenly kingdom;"  
'Tis a rapturous thought indeed.

2 Let us love Him and adore Him,  
In our days of early youth;  
May we ever walk before Him,  
In the glorious paths of truth.  
Let us never grieve the Saviour,  
Who has died our souls to win;  
Let us ever seek His favor,  
Shunning all the paths of sin.

3 If our sins are all forgiven,  
We may read our title clear,  
To eternal joy in heaven,  
Far beyond this earthly sphere.  
In that blest abode of glory,  
We may join the angel throng;  
Jesus' love shall be the story  
Of our never ending song.

## OVERFLOWING EVER.

R. LOWRY.

1. Lo! a fount-ain full and free, O - ver-flow - ing ev - er; Fainting heart, it is for thee,  
 2. List the mur-mur that it speaks, O - ver-flow - ing ev - er; On the soul in song it breaks,  
 3. Bless-ed fount! the pur - est known, O - ver-flow - ing ev - er; Stream of life from out God's throne,

O - ver - flow - ing ev - er; Gush-ing, sparkling, nev - er still, Taste its sweetness, drink thy fill.  
 O - ver - flow - ing ev - er; Sing-ing, sooth-ing souls to ease, Mu - sic of all mel - o - dies.  
 O - ver - flow - ing ev - er; Sa - cred blood for sin - ners spilt, This can cleanse a - way thy guilt.

## REFRAIN.

O - ver - flow - ing, o - verflow-ing ev - er, O - ver - flow - ing, Flowing now for thee.

From "Royal Diadem," by permission.



# NEAR THE CROSS.

47

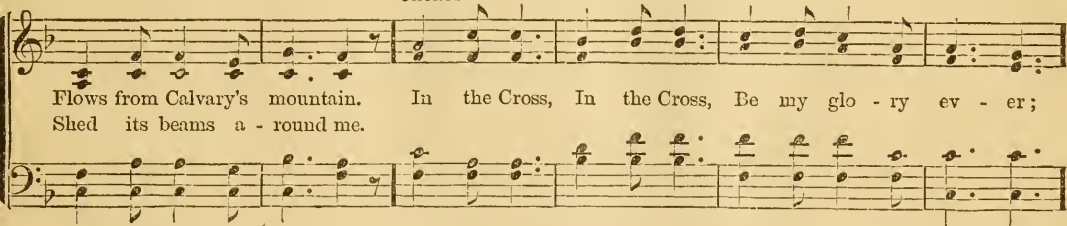
FANNY J. CROSBY, 1869.

W. H. DOANE.

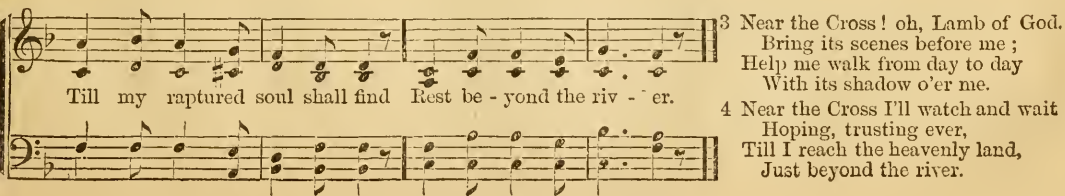


1. Je - sus keep me near the cross, There a precious foun - tain, Free to all, a healing stream,  
2. Near the Cross, a trembling soul, Love and mer - cy found me ; There the bright and morning star

## CHORUS.



Flows from Calvary's mountain. In the Cross, In the Cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er ;  
Shed its beams a - round me.



Till my raptured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

3 Near the Cross ! oh, Lamb of God.  
Bring its scenes before me ;  
Help me walk from day to day  
With its shadow o'er me.

4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait  
Hoping, trusting ever,  
Till I reach the heavenly land,  
Just beyond the river.

From "Bright Jewels," by permission.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told Thy love to me; But I  
 2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine; Let my  
 3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy throne I spend, When I

## REFRAIN.

long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to Thee. Draw me near - er,  
 soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.  
 kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend!

near - er, near - er,

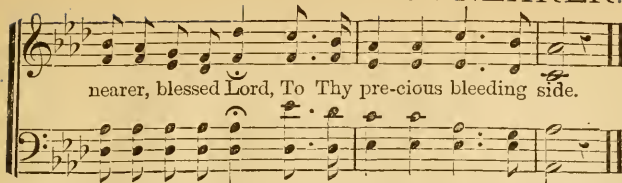
near - er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near - er, near - er,

From "Brightest and Best," by permission.

# DRAW ME NEARER. Concluded.

49

4.



nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy pre-cious bleeding side.

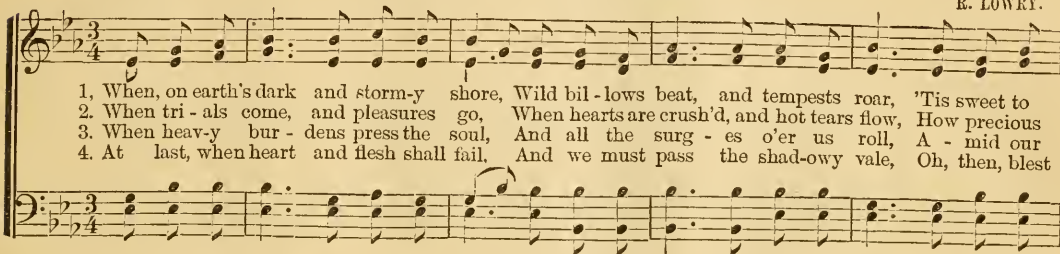
There are depths of love that I cannot know  
Till I cross the narrow sea,  
There are heights of joy that I may not reach  
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

Draw me nearer, &c.

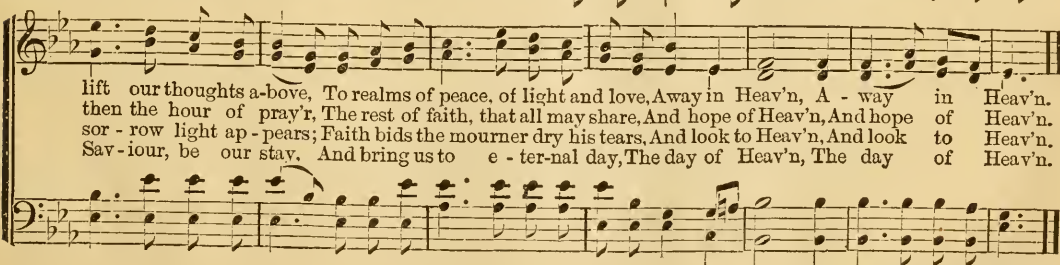
C. B. STOUT.

## SONG OF HEAVEN.

R. LOWRY.



1. When, on earth's dark and storm-y shore, Wild bil-lows beat, and tempests roar, 'Tis sweet to  
2. When tri-als come, and pleasures go, When hearts are crush'd, and hot tears flow, How precious  
3. When heavy bur-dens press the soul, And all the surg-es o'er us roll, A-mid our  
4. At last, when heart and flesh shall fail, And we must pass the shad-ow-y vale, Oh, then, blest



lift our thoughts a-bove, To realms of peace, of light and love, Away in Heav'n, A-way in Heav'n.  
then the hour of pray'r, The rest of faith, that all may share, And hope of Heav'n, And hope of Heav'n.  
sor-row light ap-pears; Faith bids the mourner dry his tears, And look to Heav'n, And look to Heav'n.  
Sav-iour, be our stay, And bring us to e-ter-nal day, The day of Heav'n, The day of Heav'n.

A-way, a-way in Heav'n.  
And hope, and hope of Heav'n.

From "Brightest and Best," by permission.

## PASS ME NOT.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1863.

WM. H. DOANE.

From "Songs of Devotion," by per.

1. Pass me not, O gentle Saviour, Hear my humble cry; While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.  
 2. Let me at a throne of mercy Find a sweet relief: Kneeling there in deep contrition, Help my unbelief.  
 3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face: Heal my wounded, broken spirit, Save me by Thy grace.  
 4. Thou the spring of all my comfort, More than life for me; Whom have I on earth beside Thee? Whom in heaven but Thee?

CHORUS.

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry, While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by,

## SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

Rev. S. D. PHELPS.

R. LOWRY.

1. Sav-iour! Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I aught withhold, Dear Lord, from Thee.  
 2. At the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee.  
 3. Give me a faithful heart—Like - ness to Thee— That each de - part - ing day Henceforth may see.

From "Pure Gold," by permission.

In love my soul would bow, My heart full-fill its vow, Some offering bring Thee now, Something for Thee.  
 Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Something for Thee.  
 Some work of love be-gun, Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'ring sought and won, Something for Thee.

## MORE LOVE TO THEE.

Mrs. E. PRENTISS.

WM. H. DOANE.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the pray'r I make On bended knee;  
 2. Once earthly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-lone I seek, Give what is best:  
 3. Let sor-row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy messengers, Sweet their re-frain,

This is my earnest plea, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!  
 This all my pray'r shall be, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!  
 When they can sing with me, —More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!



1. My life flows on in end-less song; A-bove Earth's la-men-ta-tion, I catch the sweet, tho'  
 2. What tho' my joys and comfort die? The Lord my Sav-iour liv-eth; What tho' the dark-ness  
 3. I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin; I see the blue a-bove it: And day by day this

far-off hymn That hails a new cre-a-tion; Through all the tu-mult and the strife, I  
 gath-er round? Songs in the night He giv-eth; No storm can shake my in-most calm, While  
 pathway smooths, Since first I learned to love it; The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, A

hear the mu-sic ring-ing; It finds an e-cho in my soul—How can I keep from sing-ing?  
 to that re-fuge cling-ing; Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth, How can I keep from sing-ing?  
 fountain ev-er spring-ing; All things are mine since I am His—How can I keep from sing-ing?

## HE LEADETH ME.

(151) Christian Songs, 148. Key

1 He leadeth me! O, blessed thought,  
O, words with heavenly comfort  
fraught,

What e'er I do, where e'er I be,  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.  
CHO.

He leadeth me! He leadeth me  
By His own hand He leadeth me;  
His faithful follower I would be,  
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur nor repine—  
Content, what ever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

3 And when my task on earth is done,  
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,  
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me.

## A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

(152) Christian Songs, 52. Key A $\flat$ .

1 THERE'S a light in the window for thee,  
brother,

There's a light in the window for thee;  
A dear one has moved to the mansions  
above,

There's a light in the window for thee.  
CHO.

||: A mansion in heaven we see,  
And a light in the window for thee: ||

2 There's a crown and a robe, and a palm,  
brother, [free;  
When from toil and from care you are [home,  
The Saviour has gone to prepare you a  
With a light in the window for thee.

3 O watch, and be faithful, and pray,  
brother,  
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea,  
Though afflictions assail you, and storms  
beat severe,  
There's a light in the window for thee.

4 Then on, perseveringly on, brother,  
Till from conflict and suffering free,  
Bright angels now beckon you over the  
stream,  
There's a light in the window for thee.

## AM WAITING BY THE RIVER. 8s &amp; 7s.

(153) Christian Songs, 83. Key C.

1 I am waiting by the river,  
And my heart has waited long;  
Now I think I hear the chorus  
Of the angels welcome song,  
Oh, I see the dawn is breaking  
On the hill-tops of the blest, [ling,  
"Where the wicked cease from troub-  
And the weary be at rest."

2 Far away beyond the shadows  
Of this weary vale of tears,  
There the tide of bliss is sweeping  
Through the bright and changeless  
years  
O! I long to be with Jesus,  
In the mansions of the blest, [ling,  
"Where the wicked cease from troub-  
And the weary be at rest."

3 They are launching on the river,  
From the calm and quiet shore,  
And they soon will bear my spirit  
Where the weary sigh no more;

For the tide is swiftly flowing,  
And I long to greet the blest, [ling,  
"Where the wicked cease from troub-  
And the weary be at rest."

## DE FLEURY. 8s.

(154) Chapel Mel., 166. Key G.

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours,  
When Jesus no longer I see!  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet  
flowers,  
Have lost all their sweetness with me.

2 The mid-summer sun shines but dim,  
The fields strive in vain to look gay;  
But when I am happy in Him  
December's as pleasant as May.

3 His name yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music His voice;  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice.

4 I should, were He always thus nigh,  
Have nothing to wish or to fear;  
No mortal so happy as I—  
My summer would last all the year.

5 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,  
If Thou art my sun and my song,  
Say, why do I languish and pine,  
And why are my winters so long?

6 O drive these dark clouds from my sky,  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;  
Or bid me soar upward on high,  
Where winter and clouds are no  
more.

## THE PRECIOUS NAME.

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe— It will joy and comfort  
 2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from every snare; If temptations 'round you  
 3. Oh! the precious name of Je - sus; How it thrills our souls with joy, When His lov-ing arms re-  
 4. At the name of Je - sus bow-ing, Fall-ing prostrate at His feet, King of kings in heav'n we'll

## CHORUS.

give you, Take it then where'er you go. Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of  
 gath - er, Breathe that holy name in prayer.  
 ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!  
 crown Him, When our journey is complete. precious name, O how sweet!

earth and Joy of heav'n, Precious name, O how sweet— Hope of earth and Joy of heav'n.  
 Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet,

LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.

(66) Christian Songs, 200. Key A.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;  
He justly claims a song from me,  
His loving kindness, Oh! how free!
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,  
Yet loved me notwithstanding all:  
He saved me from my lost estate,  
His loving kindness Oh! how great!
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
Though earth and hell my way oppose,  
He safely leads my soul along,  
His loving kindness, Oh! how strong!
- 4 Often I feel my sinful heart,  
Prone from my Jesus to depart;  
But though I have Him oft forgot,  
His loving kindness changes not.

BADEN. L. M.

(67) Christian Songs, 197. Key B $\flat$ .

- 1 O! the sweet wonders of that cross,  
Where God, the Saviour, loved and  
died;  
Her noblest life my spirit draws  
From His dear wounds, and bleed-  
ing side.
- 2 I would for ever speak His name,  
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,  
With angels join to praise the Lamb,  
And worship at His Father's throne.
- 3 All hail! Thou great Immanuel, hail!  
Ten thousand blessings on Thy  
name!  
While thus Thy wondrous love we tell,  
Our bosoms feel the sacred flame.

- 4 Come, quickly come, Immortal King!  
On earth Thy regal honors raise;  
The full salvation promised bring,  
Then every tongue shall sing Thy  
praise!

MARTYRDOM. C. M.

(68) Christian Songs, 201. Key A $\flat$ .

- 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?  
And did my sovereign die?  
Would He devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ, the Lord of glory, died  
For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While his dear cross appears,  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give myself away;  
'Tis all that I can do.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

(69) Bradbury Trio, 82. Key B $\flat$ .

- 1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned  
Upon the Saviour's brow;  
His head with radiant glories crown'd,  
His lips with grace o'erflow.

From "Book of Praise," by permission.

- 2 He saw me plunged in deep distress,  
And flew to my relief;  
For me He bore the shameful cross,  
And carried all my grief.
- 3 To Him I owe my life and breath,  
And all the joys I have,  
He makes me triumph over death,  
And saves me from the grave.
- 4 Since from Thy bounty I receive  
Such proofs of love divine,  
Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
Lord, they should all be Thine.

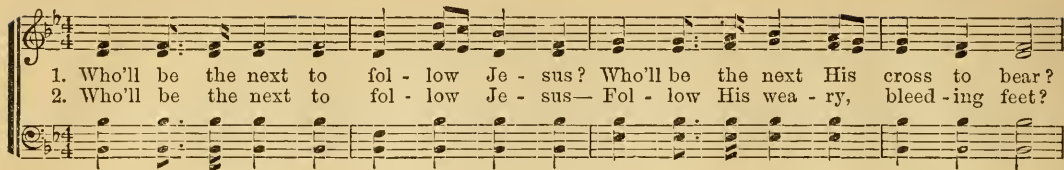
MARTYRDOM. C. M.

(70) Christian Songs, 201. Key A $\flat$ .

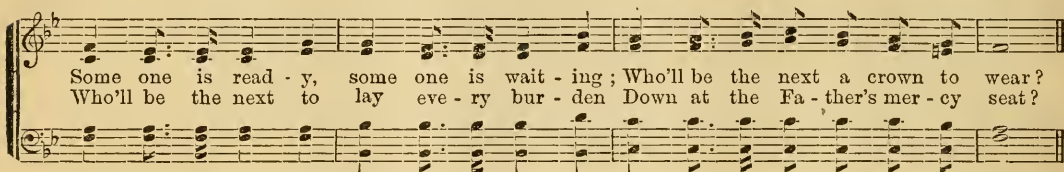
- 1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,  
On Thee, when sorrows rise—  
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,  
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,  
For Thou alone canst heal;  
Thy word can bring a sweet relief  
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,  
I fear to call Thee mine;  
The springs of comfort seem to fail,  
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee!  
Thou art my only trust;  
And still my soul would cleave to  
Thee,  
Though prostrate in the dust.

## WHO'LL BE THE NEXT?

R. LOWRY.

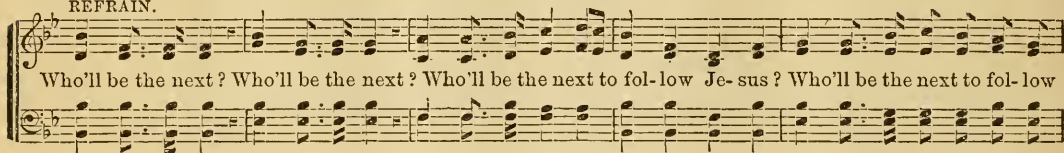


1. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the next His cross to bear?  
 2. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus— Fol - low His wea - ry, bleed - ing feet?

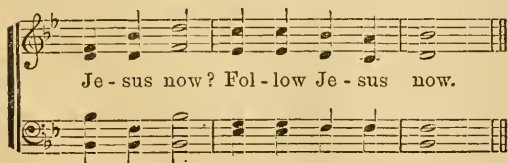


Some one is read - y, some one is wait - ing; Who'll be the next a crown to wear?  
 Who'll be the next to lay eve - ry bur - den Down at the Fa - ther's mer - cy seat?

## REFRAIN.



Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the next to fol - low



Je - sus now? Fol - low Je - sus now.

- 3 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?  
 Who'll be the next to praise His name?  
 Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption—  
 Sing, hallelujah! praise the Lamb?—*Ref.*
- 4 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus,  
 Down through the Jordan's rolling tide?  
 Who'll be the next to join with the ransomed,  
 Singing upon the other side?—*Ref.*



# JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

57

Miss ETA CAMPBELL.

T. E. PERKINS.

1st time. 2d time.

1. { What means this ea-ger, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste a-long— }  
 { These wondrous gatherings day by day? What means this strange com- [Omit...] } mo-tion, say? In ac-cents hushed the

2. { Who is this Je-sus? Why should he The cit-y move so high-ti-ly? }  
 { A pass-ing stran-ger, has he skill To move the mul-ti- [Omit...] } tude at will? A-gain the stir-ring

throng re-ply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by;" In ac-cents hushed the throng reply: "Je-sus of  
 tones re-ply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by;" A-gain the stir-ring tones re-ply: "Je-sus of

Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."  
 Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."

3 Jesus! 'tis he who once below  
 Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;  
 And burdened ones, where'er he came,  
 Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.  
 'The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again he comes! From place to place  
 His holy footprints we can trace.  
 He pauseth at our threshold—nay,  
 He enters—condescends to stay,  
 Shall we not gladly raise the cry:  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!  
 Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.  
 Ye wanderers from a Father's face,  
 Return, accept his proffered grace.  
 Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh:  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6 But if you still this call refuse,  
 And all his wondrous love abuse,  
 Soon will he sadly from you turn,  
 Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.  
 "Too late! too late!" will be the cry—  
 "Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*"

From "Songs of Salvation," by permission.

1. One more song I'll sing for Je - sus, Once a - gain His love re - peat; Tho' my earth - ly  
 2. Standing on the verge of Jor - dan, I can hear its wa - ters roll; But, be - yond, the  
 3. Faith be - holds a sea of glo - ry, And the pearl - y gates ap - pear; Gen - tle breez - es

REFRAIN.

harp is bro - ken, Love still makes its numbers sweet. Oh! 'tis sweet to love my Mas - ter,  
 light is gold - en, And it beams up - on my soul.  
 float a - round me; Oh! the port - als must be near.

Sweet His precious love to tell; But I hear the an - gels whisper; I must bid fare - well, fare - well.

WILLIAMS. L. M.

(72) Christian Songs, 201. Key D.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown!

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

CRUCIFIX. 7s &amp; 6s.

(73) Christian Songs, 197. Key E♭.

1 O SACRED Head now wounded,  
With grief and shame weigh'd down;  
Now scornfully surrounded,  
With thorns Thy only crown;  
O sacred Head, what glory,  
What bliss till now was Thine;  
Yet though despised and gory,  
I joy to call Thee mine.

2 What language shall I borrow,  
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,  
For this Thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end!  
O make me Thine forever,  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never  
Outlive my love to Thee.

3 If I, a wretch, should leave Thee,  
O Jesus, leave not me,  
In faith may I receive Thee,  
When death shall set me free.  
When strength and comfort languish,  
And I must hence depart,  
Release me then from anguish,  
By Thine own wounded heart.

4 Be near, when I am dying,  
O, show Thy cross to me!  
And for my succor flying,  
Come, Lord, to set me free.  
These eyes, new faith receiving,  
From Jesus shall not move;  
For he who dies believing,  
Dies safely—through Thy love.

MARTYN. 7s.

(74) Bradbury Trio, 14. Key F.

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly;  
While the billows near me roll,  
While the tempest still is high.  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past,  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none—  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me;  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring—  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
More than all in Thee I find,  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

From "Book of Praise," by permission.

Just and holy is Thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness;  
Vile and full of sin I am—  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—  
Grace to pardon all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within;  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee;  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

DENNIS. S. M.

(75) Bradbury Trio, 225. Key F.

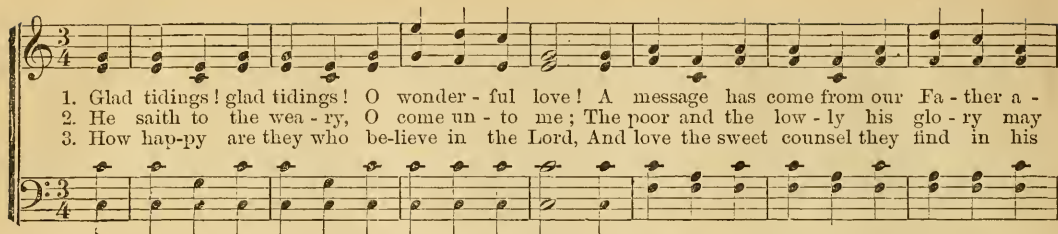
1 THE Lord my Shepherd is;  
I shall be well supplied;  
Since He is mine, and I am His  
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place  
Where heavenly pasture grows,  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows.

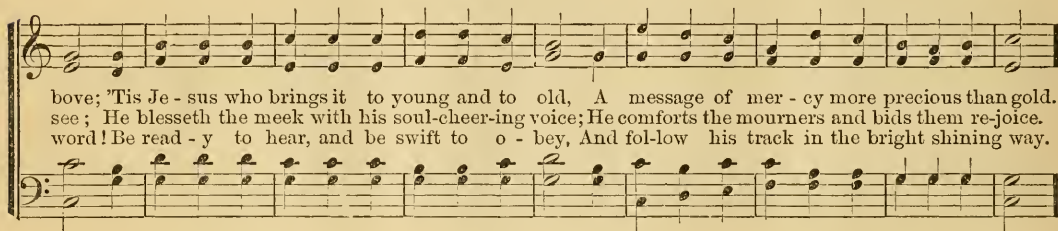
3 If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim,  
And guides me in His own right way,  
For His most holy name.

4 In sight of all my foes,  
Thou dost my table spread:  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
And joy exalts my head.

5 The bounties of Thy love  
Shall crown my future days;  
Nor from Thy house will I remove,  
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

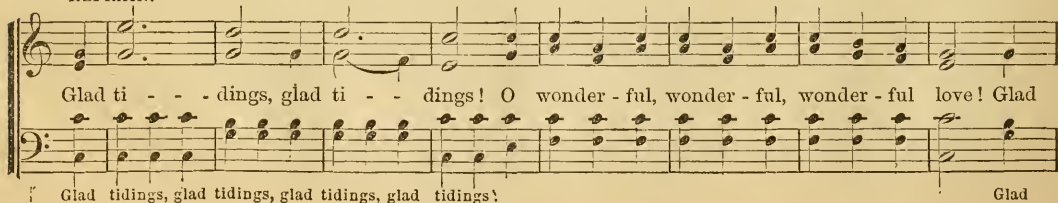


1. Glad tidings! glad tidings! O wonder - ful love! A message has come from our Fa - ther a -  
 2. He saith to the wea - ry, O come un - to me; The poor and the low - ly his glo - ry may  
 3. How hap - py are they who be - lieve in the Lord, And love the sweet counsel they find in his



bove; 'Tis Je - sus who brings it to young and to old, A message of mer - cy more precious than gold.  
 see; He blesseth the meek with his soul - cheer - ing voice; He comforts the mourners and bids them re - joice.  
 word! Be read - y to hear, and be swift to o - bey, And fol - low his track in the bright shining way.

## REFRAIN.



Glad ti - - - dings, glad ti - - dings! O wonder - ful, wonder - ful, wonder - ful love! Glad  
 Glad tidings, glad tidings, glad tidings, glad tidings!

From "Royal Diadem," by permission.

ti - - dings, glad ti - - dings! We hail the glad ti-dings of won-der-ful love.

ti - dings, glad ti - dings, glad ti - dings, glad ti - dings!

## I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

Mrs. A. S. HAWKS.

R. LOWRY.

1. I need thee ev-ery hour, Most gra - cious Lord ; No ten - der voice like thine Can peace af-ford.  
 2. I need thee ev-ery hour ; Stay thou near by ; Temptations lose their pow'r When thou art nigh.  
 3. I need thee ev-ery hour, In joy or pain ; Come quickly and a - bide, Or life is vain.  
 4. I need thee ev-ery hour ; Teach me thy will ; And thy rich promis-es In me ful - fill.  
 5. I need thee ev-ery hour, Most Ho - ly One ; Oh, make me thine indeed, Thou bless-ed Son.

## REFRAIN.

I need thee, oh ! I need thee ; Every hour I need thee ; O bless me now, my Saviour ! I come to thee.

From "Royal Diadem," by permission.



*Slow.*

1. 'Tis our faith in Je-sus, Brings the prom-ise near, 'Tis the love of Je-sus, Conquers ev - ery fear ;  
 2. 'Tis our trust in Je-sus, Makes us bold and brave, 'Tis our hope in Je-sus, Looks be - yond the grave ;  
 3. 'Tis the ear of Je-sus, Bend - ing from the sky, Hears the prayers we offer—Hears the mourner's cry ;

'Tis the voice of Je-sus, Warns us ev - ery day, 'Tis the blood of Je-sus, Takes our sins a - way.  
 'Tis the smile of Je-sus, Makes the clouds de - part, 'Tis the eye of Je-sus, Searches ev - ery heart.  
 On the arm of Je-sus, Sweet-ly we re - pose, From the side of Je-sus, Liv - ing wa - ter flows.

*D. S.*—Je - sus in our sorrows, Je - sus in our song, O 'tis al - ways Jesus, All our way a - long.

REFRAIN.

*D. S.*

Je - sus in our tri - als, Je - sus in our cares, Je - sus in our prais - es, Je - sus in our prayers,

From "Brightest and Best," by permission.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

(77) Bradbury Trio, 224. Key G.

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb;  
Wake, every heart, and every tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of His dying love,  
Sing of His rising power;  
Sing how He intercedes above,  
For those whose sins He bore.
- 3 Sing on your heavenly way,  
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;  
Sing on, rejoicing, every day,  
In Christ, the exalted King.
- 4 Soon shall your raptured tongue  
His endless praise proclaim;  
And sweeter voices tune the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

STATE STREET. S. M.

(78) Bradbury Trio, 71. Key B $\flat$ .

- 1 JESUS who knows full well,  
The heart of every saint,  
Invites us all our griefs to tell,  
To pray, and never faint.
- 2 He bows His gracious ear,  
We never plead in vain:  
Yet we must wait till He appear,  
And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Jesus, the Lord will hear  
His chosen when they cry:  
Yes, though He may a while forbear,  
He'll help them from on high.

- 4 Then let us earnest be,  
And never faint in prayer;  
He loves our importunity,  
And makes our cause His care.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

(79) Bradbury Trio, 82. Key B $\flat$ .

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And for the weary, rest.
- 3 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,  
Although with sin defiled;  
Satan accuses me in vain,  
And I am owned a child.
- 4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King;  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.

BADEN. L. M.

(80) Christian Songs, 197. Key B $\flat$ .

- 1 'Tis our all the world my choice deride,  
Yet Jesus shall my portion be;  
For I am pleased with none beside;  
The fairest of the fair is He.
- 2 Sweet is the vision of Thy face,  
And kindness o'er Thy lips is shed;  
Lovely art Thou, and full of grace,  
And glory beams around Thy head.

From "Book of Praise," by permission.


- 3 Thy sufferings I embrace with Thee,  
Thy poverty and shameful cross;  
The pleasures of the world I flee,  
And deem its treasures only dross.

- 4 Be daily dearer to my heart,  
And ever let me feel Thee near;  
Then willingly with all I'd part,  
Nor count it worthy of a tear.

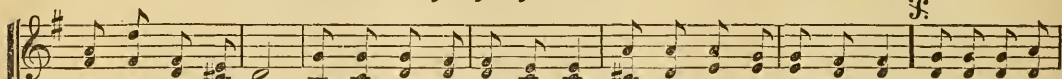
LENOX. H. M.

(81) Bradbury Trio, 369. Key B $\flat$ .

- 1 COME, every pious heart  
That loves the Saviour's name,  
Your noblest powers exert  
To celebrate His fame:  
Tell all above and all below,  
The debt of love to Him you owe.
- 2 He left His starry crown,  
And laid His robes aside;  
On wings of love came down,  
And wept, and bled, and died.  
What He endured, O! who can tell?  
To save our souls from death and hell.
- 3 From the dark grave He rose  
The mansion of the dead;  
And thence His mighty foes  
In glorious triumph led:  
Up through the sky the conqueror rode,  
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.
- 4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay  
The debt we owe Thy love;  
Yet tell us how we may  
Our gratitude approve:  
Our hearts—our all to Thee we give:  
The gift, tho' small, do Thou receive.



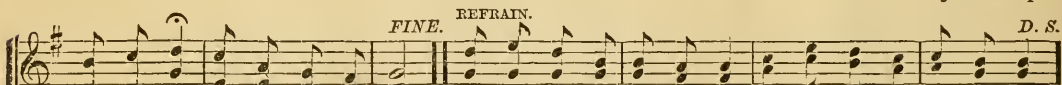
1. Sound the Gos-pel Trumpet forth, Sound it loud and long; Come be - fore the King of kings,  
 2. Sound the Gos-pel Trumpet forth, Lift our standard high; Let the sto - ry of the cross  
 3. Sound the Gos-pel Trumpet forth, Shoutsal - va - tion free, Till the truth o'er-spread the earth



With a joy - ful song; Lo, the glorious morning star Shines with radiant splendor bright, Bids the nations  
 Like an ar - row fly; Blessed sto - ry, wondrous love! We are ransomed from the fall; He, who left His  
 Like a mighty sea; All shall bow at Je - sus' name, Every tongue His pow'r confess, Him their Sovereign

*D. S.*—Sing the triumphs

*FINE.* REFRAIN. *D. S.*



from a - far Hail its welcome light. Great is He, the mighty Lord, Countless a - ges are His own;  
 throne a - bove Gave His life for all.  
 Lord proclaim, Him their righteousness.

of His word, He is God a - lone.

From "Brightest and Best," by permission.

# REST IN THEE.

65

E. TURNEY, D. D.

R. LOWRY.

1. Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou who gav'st Thy-self for me, Leave me not in  
 2. Hope of all the meek and low-ly, Thou my hope and joy shalt be: Bless - ed Je - sus,  
 3. Draw me from each sin-ful striv-ing; From my-self, O set me free: Bless - ed Je - sus,  
 4. High - est, pur - est, sweetest pleasure, Shall Thy ser - vice bring to me: Bless - ed Je - sus,

CHORUS.

sin to wan - der; Bid me come and rest in Thee. Rest in Thee, rest in Thee,  
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Bid me come and rest in Thee.  
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Bid me come and rest in Thee.  
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Bid me come and rest in Thee.

Bid me come and rest in Thee; Rest in Thee, rest in Thee, Bid me come and rest in Thee.

## THE GOOD OLD WAY.

1. We are go - ing forth with our staff in hand, Thro' a des - ert wild in a stran - ger land ; But our  
 2. There are foes without, there are foes within ; They would turn us back to the path of sin ; We will  
 3. In the bliss - ful hour of communion sweet, Let us come with joy to the Mer - cy - seat ; O we  
 4. On the brink of time when we stand at last, When our sun has set, and our work is past, When we

faith is bright and our hope is strong, And the Good Old Way is our pil - grim song.  
 stop our ears to the words they say, While we on - ward press in the Good Old Way.  
 love to sing and we love to pray, And we bless the Lord for the Good Old Way.  
 bid fare - well to our mor - tal clay, We will praise the Lord for the Good Old Way.

CHORUS.

'Tis the Good Old Way, by our fathers trod ; 'Tis the way of Life, And it lead - eth un - to



# THE GOOD OLD WAY. Concluded.

67

God; 'Tis the on - ly path to the realms of day; We are go - ing home in the Good Old Way.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a final double bar line.

## REVIVE US AGAIN.

Dr. W. P. MACKAY, 1866.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus, who died, and is now gone a-bove.  
 2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.  
 3. All glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.  
 4. All glo-ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.  
 5. Re-vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be rekindled with fire from a-bove.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one sharp (F-sharp), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a final double bar line.

### CHORUS.

{ Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men. }  
 { Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, [OMIT.....] } Re - vive us a - gain.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one sharp (F-sharp), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The chorus concludes with a final double bar line.

From "New Praises of Jesus," by permission.

Rev. M. A. FOX.

R. LOWRY.

1. Star of the morn-ing, beam on our way; Break thro' the dark-ness, bring on the day;  
 2. Star of the morn-ing, gleam on our tears, Scatter the dark-ness, ban-ish our fears;  
 3. Star of the morn-ing, shine thro' the gloom, Gleam thro' the shad-ows, shrouding the tomb;  
 4. Bride of Im-man-nel, cease from thy tears; Lo! in the day-break glo-ry ap-pears;

Haste thro' the shades of the lin-ger-ing night, Now let thy glo-ry flash out on our sight.  
 Give to our long-ings the joys thou dost bring, Give to our rap-ture our Sav-iour and King.  
 Wak-en the na-tions that slum-ber be-neath, Speed-i-ly van-quish the pow-er of death.  
 Fast flies the storm-cloud; the darkness is past; Morning is com-ing with bless-ings at last.

CHORUS.

Star of the morning, Star of the morning, Break thro' the darkness, and bring the glad day.

WEBB. 75 &amp; 6s.

(156) Bradbury Trio, 104. Key B $\flat$ .

- 1 WE bring no glittering treasures,  
No gems from earth's deep mine;  
We come with simple measures,  
To chant Thy love divine.  
We all, Thy favors sharing,  
Our voice of thanks would raise;  
Father, accept our offering,  
Our song of grateful praise.

- 2 The dearest gift of Heaven,  
Love's precious word of Truth,  
To sinners Thou hast given,  
To guide their steps in youth;  
To tell the wondrous story,  
The tale of Calvary;  
To tell of homes in glory,  
From sin and sorrow free.

- 3 Redeemer, grant Thy blessing;  
Oh, teach us how to pray!  
That we, Thy love possessing  
May tread life's devious way;  
Till where the pure are dwelling  
By grace we meet again,  
And, sweeter numbers swelling,  
Forever praise Thy name.

AMSTERDAM. 75 &amp; 6s.

(157) Christian Songs, 199. Key G.

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
Thy better portion trace;  
Rise, from transitory things,  
Toward heaven, thy native place:

Sun, and moon, and stars decay,  
Time shall soon this earth remove;  
Rise, my soul, and haste away  
To seats prepared above.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course;  
Fire ascending, seeks the sun,  
Both speed them to their source;  
So a soul that's born of God,  
Pants to see His glorious face,  
Upward tends to His abode,  
To rest in His embrace.

- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,  
Press onward to the prize;  
Soon our Saviour will return  
Triumphant in the skies;  
There we'll join the heavenly train,  
Welcomed to partake the bliss;  
Fly from sorrow and from pain,  
To realms of endless peace.

BETHANY. 6s &amp; 4s.

(158) Bradbury Trio, 77. Key G.

- 1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be—  
Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer to Thee!

- 2 Though, like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be—  
Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer to Thee!

- 3 There let the way appear,  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that Thou sendest me,  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee—  
Nearer to Thee!

- 4 Then with my waking thoughts,  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs,  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer to Thee!

- 5 Or if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly;  
Still all my song shall be—  
Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer to Thee!

From "Book of Praise," by permission.

1. My song shall be of Je - sus, His mer - cy crowns my days, He fills my cup with  
 2. My song shall be of Je - sus, When, sit - ting at his feet, I call to mind his  
 3. My song shall be of Je - sus, While pressing on my way To reach the bliss-ful

bless - ings, And tunes my heart to praise; My song shall be of Je - sus, The  
 good - ness, In med - i - ta - tion sweet; My song shall be of Je - sus, What -  
 re - gion Of pure and per - fect day; And when my soul shall en - ter The

pre - cious Lamb of God, Who gave him-self my ran - som, And bought me with his blood.  
 ev - er ill be - tide; I'll sing the grace that saves me, And keeps me at his side.  
 gate of E - den fair, A song of praise to Je - sus I'll sing for - ev - er there.

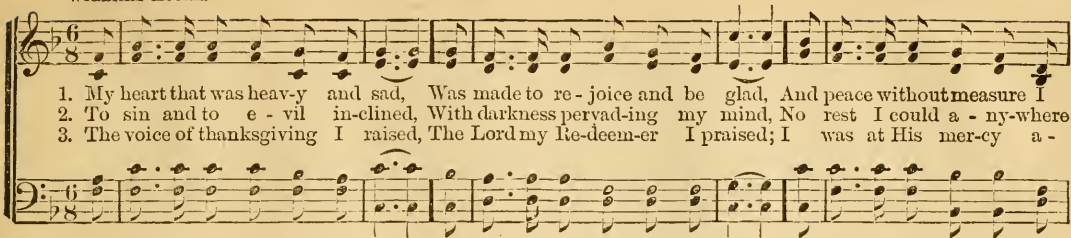
*ritard.*

# WHEN THE COMFORTER CAME.

71

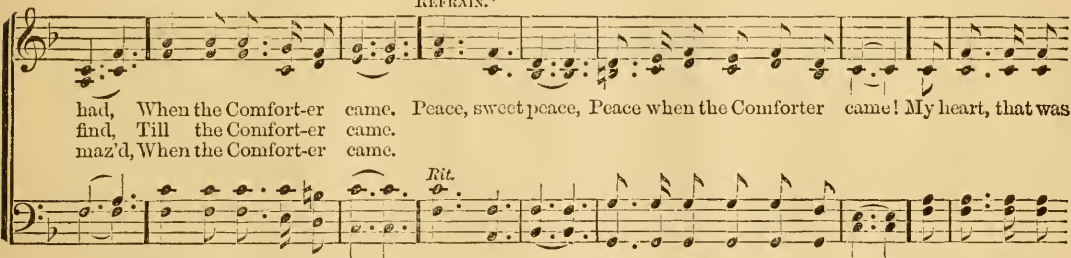
WILLIAM MOORE.

R. LOWRY.



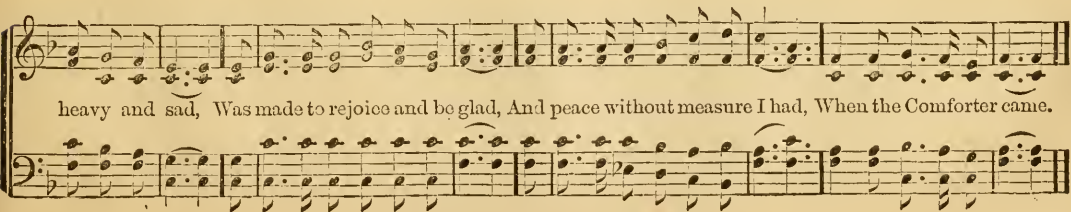
1. My heart that was heavy and sad, Was made to re-joice and be glad, And peace without measure I  
 2. To sin and to e-vil in-clined, With darkness pervad-ing my mind, No rest I could a-ny-where  
 3. The voice of thanksgiving I raised, The Lord my Re-deem-er I praised; I was at His mer-cy a-

## REFRAIN.



had, When the Comfort-er came. Peace, sweet peace, Peace when the Comforter came! My heart, that was  
 find, Till the Comfort-er came.  
 maz'd, When the Comfort-er came.

*Rit.*

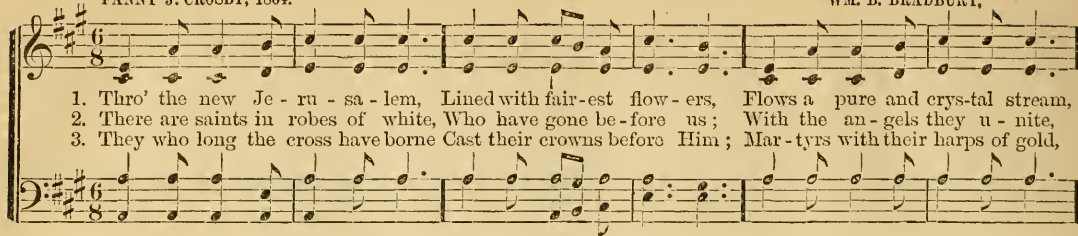


heavy and sad, Was made to rejoice and be glad, And peace without measure I had, When the Comforter came.

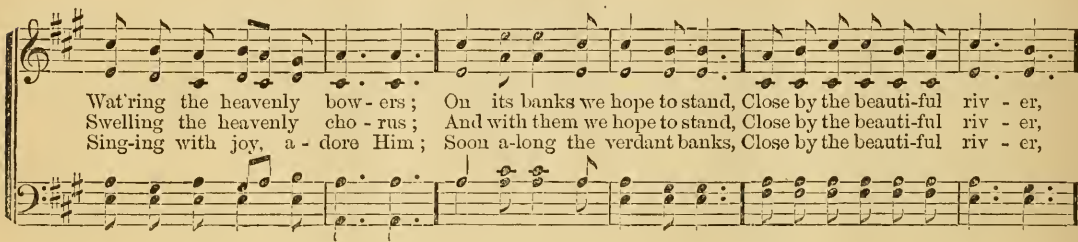


FANNY J. CROSBY, 1864.

WM. B. BRADBURY,

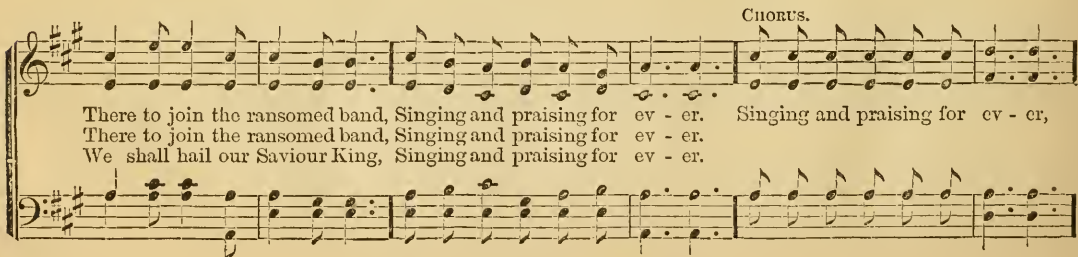


1. Thro' the new Je - ru - sa - lem, Lined with fair - est flow - ers, Flows a pure and crys - tal stream,  
 2. There are saints in robes of white, Who have gone be - fore us; With the an - gels they u - nite,  
 3. They who long the cross have borne Cast their crowns before Him; Mar - tyrs with their harps of gold,



Wat'ring the heavenly bow - ers; On its banks we hope to stand, Close by the beauti - ful riv - er,  
 Swelling the heavenly cho - rus; And with them we hope to stand, Close by the beauti - ful riv - er,  
 Sing - ing with joy, a - dore Him; Soon a - long the verdant banks, Close by the beauti - ful riv - er,

CHORUS.



There to join the ransomed band, Singing and praising for ev - er. Singing and praising for ev - er,  
 There to join the ransomed band, Singing and praising for ev - er.  
 We shall hail our Saviour King, Singing and praising for ev - er.

Close by the beau-ti - ful riv - er, There to join the ransomed band, Singing and praising for ev - er.

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top part is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bottom part is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1875.

# HEAR OUR PRAYER.

WM. H. DOANE.

Dear Fa - - - ther,

1. Dear Fa - ther in heaven, We now be-seech Thee, Hum-bly be-seech Thee, Hear our prayer ;

*Rall.*

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top part is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 6/8 time signature. The bottom part is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The first line of the score is for the vocal part, and the second line is for the piano accompaniment.

Hum-bly be-seech Thee, Hear our prayer, Hear our prayer.

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top part is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 6/8 time signature. The bottom part is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The first line of the score is for the vocal part, and the second line is for the piano accompaniment.

- 2 O grant us Thy blessing,  
We now beseech Thee ;  
Father, dear Father,  
Hear our prayer.
- 3 Behold us in mercy,  
Guide and defend us ;  
Father, dear Father,  
Hear our prayer.

From "Brightest and Best," by permission.

Rev. E. ADAMS.

JOHN M. EVANS. 1865.

1. "Land a - head!" its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fadeless green; And the liv - ing wa - ters  
 2. Onward, bark! the cape I'm rounding; See the bless - ed wave their hands; Hear the harps of God re -  
 3. There, let go the an - chor, rid - ing On this calm and sil - v'ry bay; Sea ward fast the tide is  
 4. Now we're safe from all tempta - tion, All the storms of life are past; Praise the Rock of our sal -

## CHORUS.

lav - ing Shores where heavenly forms are seen. Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on  
 sounding From the bright im - mor - tal bands.  
 glid - ing, Shores in sun - light stretch a - way.  
 va - tion, We are safe at home at last.

that e - ter - nal shore; Drop the an - chor! Furl the sail! I am safe within the veil!

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

(265) Christian Songs, 182. Key D.

1 I HEAR the Saviour say,

"Thy strength indeed is small;

O child of weakness, pray,

I am thine All in All."

CHO. Jesus paid it all;

All to Him I owe!

Sin had left a crimson stain;

He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find

Thy word, and Thine alone,

Can change the leper's spots,

And melt the heart of stone.

3 But nothing good have I,

Whereby Thy grace to claim—

I'll wash me in the blood,

The blood of Calvary's Lamb.

4 When from my dying bed,

My ransomed soul shall rise,

Then "Jesus paid it all,"

I'll sing beyond the skies.

5 And when before the throne,

I stand in Him complete,

I'll lay my honors down,

All down, at Jesus' feet.

LEBANON. S. M.

(266) Christian Songs, 198. Key F.

1 I was a wandering sheep,

I did not love the fold;

I did not hear my Shepherd's voice,

I would not be controlled;

I was a wayward child,

I did not love my home,

I did not love my Father's voice,

I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,

The Father sought His child;

They followed me o'er vale and hill,

O'er deserts waste and wild.

They found me nigh to death,

Famished, and faint, and lone:

They bound me in the bands of love,

They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,

'Twas He that loved my soul,

'Twas He that washed me in His blood

'Twas He that made me whole:

'Twas He that sought the lost,

That found the wandering sheep,

'Twas He that brought me to the fold—

'Tis He that still doth keep.

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

(267) Bradbury Trio, 85. Key B $\flat$ .

1 MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,

And all the world go free?

No, there's a cross for every one,

And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,

Who once went sorrowing here;

But now they taste unmingled love,

And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,

Till death shall set me free,

From "Book of Praise," by permission.

And then go home my crown to wear—  
For there's a crown for me.

MARTYRDOM. C. M.

(268) Christian Songs, 201. Key A $\flat$ .

1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears

Contrition's humble sigh;

Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears

From sorrow's weeping eye—

2 See, low before Thy throne of grace,

A wretched wanderer mourn;

Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?

Hast Thou not said—"Return?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail?

To drive me from Thy feet?

O let not this dear refuge fail,

This only safe retreat.

DENNIS. S. M.

(269) Bradbury Trio, 225. Key F.

1 How gentle God's commands!

How kind His precepts are!

Come, cast your burden on the Lord,

And trust His constant care.

2 Beneath His watchful eye,

His saints securely dwell;

That hand that bears all nature up,

Shall guard His children well.

3 His goodness stands approved,

Unchanged from day to day;

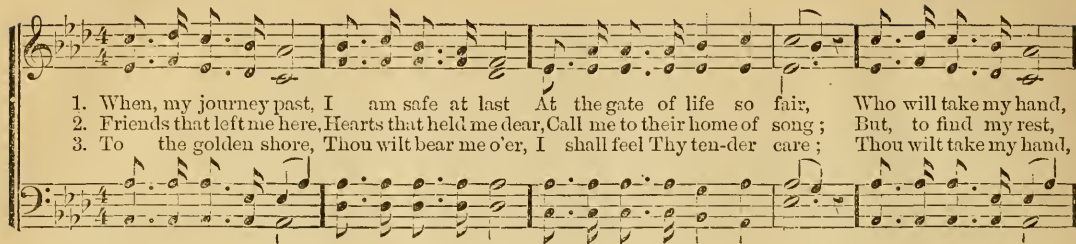
I'll drop my burden at His feet,

And bear a song away.

## WHO WILL MEET ME THERE.

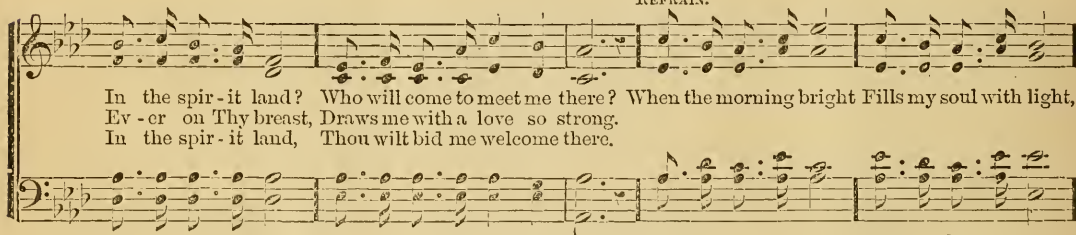
FANNY J. CROSBY, 1875.

WM. H. DOANE.

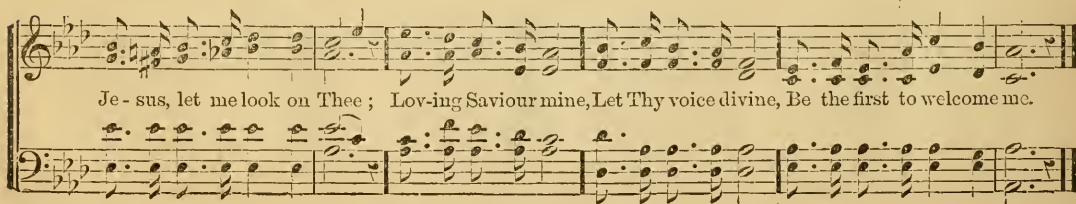


1. When, my journey past, I am safe at last At the gate of life so fair, Who will take my hand,  
 2. Friends that left me here, Hearts that held me dear, Call me to their home of song; But, to find my rest,  
 3. To the golden shore, Thou wilt bear me o'er, I shall feel Thy ten-der care; Thou wilt take my hand,

## REFRAIN.



In the spir-it land? Who will come to meet me there? When the morning bright Fills my soul with light,  
 Ev-er on Thy breast, Draws me with a love so strong.  
 In the spir-it land, Thou wilt bid me welcome there.



Je-sus, let me look on Thee; Lov-ing Saviour mine, Let Thy voice divine, Be the first to welcome me.

From "Brightest and Best," by permission.



# BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

77

Rev. R. LOWRY, 1864.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

*Cheerful.*

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er Where bright angel feet have trod ; With its crys-tal tide for  
 2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray ; We will walk and worship  
 3. On the bo-som of the riv - er, Where the Saviour-king we own, We shall meet, and sorrow  
 4. Ere we reach the shining riv - er, Lay we ev-ery bur-den down ; Grace our spir-its will de -

CHORUS. *p*

ev - er Flowing by the throne of God ? Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the  
 ev - er, All the hap-py, gold-en day,  
 nev - er, 'Neath the glo-ry of the throne.  
 liv - er, And provide a robe and crown.

beau-ti-ful riv - er— Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

## SHALL WE MEET IN HEAVEN.

WM. STEVENSON.

WM. STEVENSON.

1. Shall we meet in heaven, shall we meet in heaven, With the blest who have gone be - fore?  
 2. Will the an - gels bright, will the an - gels bright, Bear us on to that hap - py home?  
 3. Yes, we all may meet, yes, we all may meet, Where this life and its toils are o'er,

Will a crown be given, will a crown be given, When we stand on the oth - er shore?  
 With the saints in light, with the saints in light, Shall we stand round the great white throne?  
 And each oth - er greet, and each oth - er greet, In a land where we'll part no more.

## REFRAIN.

We may all meet there, We may all meet there, If we

We may all meet there, meet there, We may all meet there, meet there,

love the Lord, and o - bey His word, We may all meet there.

meet there,

## SHALL WE SING IN HEAVEN?

(322) Christian Songs, 105. Key Eb.

1 SHALL we sing in heaven for ever—  
 Shall we sing? Shall we sing?  
 Shall we sing in heaven forever,  
 In that happy land!

REF. [land,  
 Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy  
 They that meet shall sing for ever,  
 Far beyond the rolling river,  
 Meet to sing and love for ever,  
 In that happy land.

2 Shall we know each other, ever,

[land,  
 In that land? :||  
 Shall we know each other, ever,  
 In that happy land?  
 Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy  
 They that meet shall know each other,  
 Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

3 Shall we rest from care and sorrow,  
 In that land? :||

Shall we rest from care and sorrow,  
 In that happy land?  
 Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy  
 They that meet shall rest for ever,  
 Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

4 Shall we know our blessed Saviour

[land,  
 In that happy land?  
 Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy  
 We shall know our blessed Saviour,  
 Far beyond the rolling river,  
 Love and serve Him there for ever,  
 In that happy land.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME. P. M.

(323) Bradbury Trio, 36. Key C.

1 IN the Christian's home in glory  
 There remains a land of rest;  
 There my Saviour's gone before me,  
 To fulfil my soul's request.

CHO.

[|: There is rest for the weary, :||  
 There is rest for the weary,  
 There is rest for you;  
 On the other side of Jordan,  
 In the sweet fields of Eden,  
 Where the tree of life is blooming,  
 There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,  
 Which eternally shall stand;  
 For my stay shall not be transient  
 In that holy, happy land.

3 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory!  
 Shout your triumphs as you go;  
 Zion's gates will open for you,  
 You shall find an entrance through.

## CANAAN. C. M.

(324) Songs of Devotion, 214. Key A.

1 How pleasant thus to dwell below,  
 In fellowship of love;  
 And though we part, 'tis bliss to know  
 The good shall meet above.

CHO.

O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,  
 O that will be joyful,  
 [|: To meet, to part no more :||  
 On Canaan's happy shore,  
 And sing the everlasting song  
 With those who've gone before.

2 Yes, happy thought! when we are free  
 From earthly grief and pain,  
 In heav'n we shall each other see,  
 And never part again.

3 Then let us each, in strength divine,  
 Still walk in wisdom's ways:  
 That we, with those we love, may join  
 In never-ending praise.

## SHINING SHORE. 8s &amp; 7s.

(325) Bradbury Trio, 83. Key G.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,  
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,  
 Would not detain them, as they fly,  
 Those hours of toil and danger:

CHO.

For, O we stand on Jordan's strand;  
 Our friends are passing over;  
 And just before, the shining shore  
 We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,  
 Our distant home discerning;  
 Our absent Lord has left us word,  
 "Let every lamp be burning:"

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,  
 We need not cease our singing;  
 That perfect rest naught can molest,  
 Where golden harps are ringing:

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,  
 Each cord on earth to sever: [home,  
 Our King says, "Come!" and there's our  
 Forever, O for ever!

1. We shall meet be - yond the riv - er, *ff* By - and - by, *pp* by - and - by; And the

dark - ness will be o - ver, *ff* By - and - by, *pp* by - and - by; With the toil - some journey

done, And the glorious bat - tle won, *ff* We shall shine forth as the sun, *pp* By - and - by, by - and - by.

2 Done with all of earth's delusion,  
By-and-by, by-and-by;  
War, and strife, and sin's confusion,  
By-and-by, by-and-by.  
We shall rest our pilgrim feet  
On the shores where loved ones meet,  
There to dwell in bliss complete,  
By-and-by, by-and-by.

3 We shall see and be like Jesus,  
By-and-by, by-and-by;  
He a crown of life will give us,  
By-and-by, by-and-by.  
And the angels who fulfill  
All the mandates of His will,  
Shall attend and love us still,  
By-and-by, by-and-by.

4 When with robes of snowy whiteness,  
By-and-by, by-and-by;  
And with crowns of dazzling brightness,  
By-and-by, by-and-by—  
There our storms and perils passed,  
And with glory ours at last,  
We'll possess the kingdom vast,  
By-and-by, by-and-by.

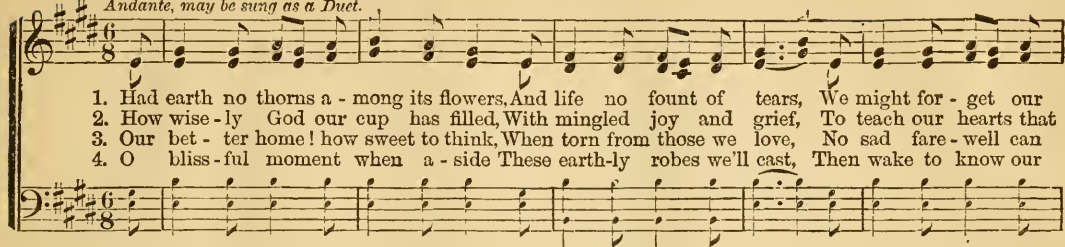
# OUR BETTER HOME BEYOND.

81

FANNY J. CROSBY.

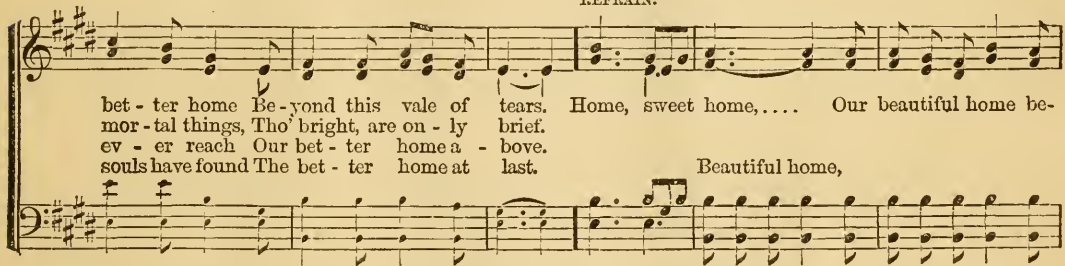
W. H. DOANE.

*Andante, may be sung as a Duet.*

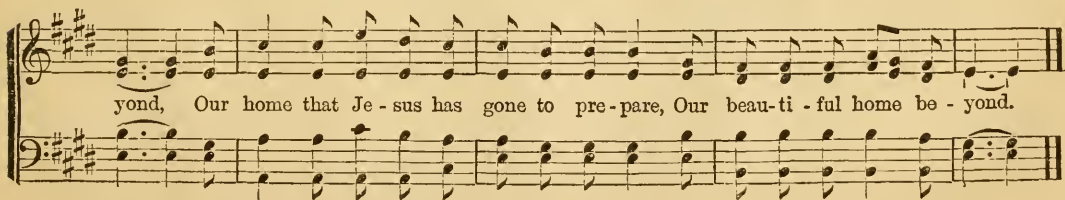


1. Had earth no thorns a - mong its flowers, And life no fount of tears, We might for - get our  
 2. How wise - ly God our cup has filled, With mingled joy and grief, To teach our hearts that  
 3. Our bet - ter home! how sweet to think, When torn from those we love, No sad fare - well can  
 4. O bliss - ful moment when a - side These earth - ly robes we'll cast, Then wake to know our

## REFRAIN.



bet - ter home Be - yond this vale of tears. Home, sweet home,.... Our beautiful home be -  
 mor - tal things, Tho' bright, are on - ly brief.  
 ev - er reach Our bet - ter home a - bove.  
 souls have found The bet - ter home at last. Beautiful home,



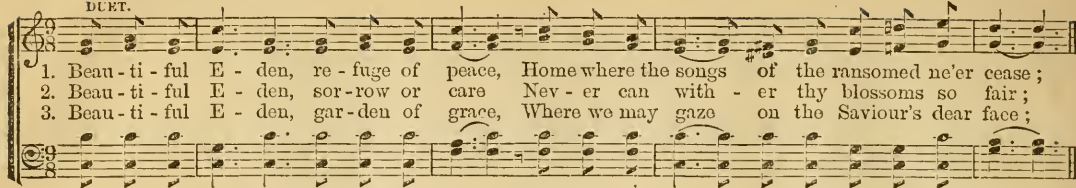
yond, Our home that Je - sus has gone to pre - pare, Our beau - ti - ful home be - yond.

From "Brightest and Best," by permission.

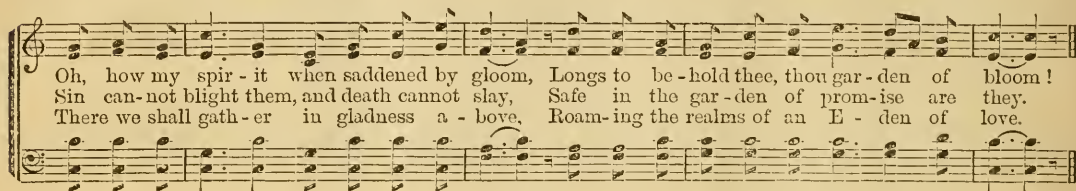


Mrs. MARY A. KIDDER. 1870.  
DUET.

W. H. DOANE.

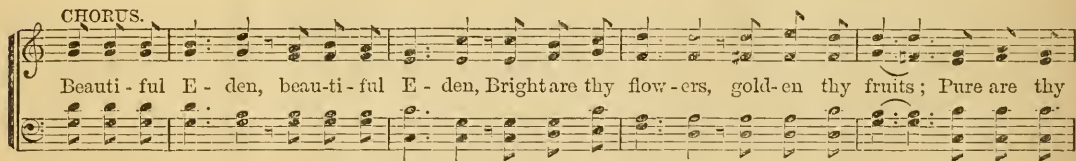


1. Beau-ti-ful E-den, re-fuge of peace, Home where the songs of the ransomed ne'er cease;  
2. Beau-ti-ful E-den, sor-row or care Nev-er can with-er thy blossoms so fair;  
3. Beau-ti-ful E-den, gar-den of grace, Where we may gaze on the Saviour's dear face;



Oh, how my spir-it when saddened by gloom, Longs to be-hold thee, thou gar-den of bloom!  
Sin can-not blight them, and death cannot slay, Safe in the gar-den of prom-ise are they.  
There we shall gath-er in gladness a-bove, Roam-ing the realms of an E-den of love.

CHORUS.



Beau-ti-ful E-den, beau-ti-ful E-den, Bright are thy flow-ers, gold-en thy fruits; Pure are thy



riv-ers, thy fountains how free! Beau-ti-ful E-den, my soul longs for thee.

# THE BRIGHT FOREVER.

83

FANNY J. CROSBY. 1871.

HUBERT P. MAIN. 1871.

1. Breaking thro' the clouds that gather O'er the christian's na-tal skies, Distant beams, like floods of glo-ry,
2. Yet a lit - tle while we lin-ger, Ere we reach our journey's end; Yet a lit - tle while of la - bor,
3. O the bliss of life e - ter-nal! O the long un-bro-ken rest! In the gold-en fields of pleasure,

Fill the soul with glad surprise; And we al - most hear the e - cho Of the pure and ho - ly throng,  
Ere the evening shades descend; Then we'll lay us down to slumber, But the night will soon be o'er;  
In the re - gion of the blest; But, to see our dear Re - deem - er, And be - fore His throne to fall,

## CHORUS.

In the bright, the bright for-ev - er, In the summer - land of song. On the banks beyond the riv - er,  
In the bright, the bright for-ev - er, We shall wake, to weep no more.  
There to hear His gracious welcome—Will be sweeter far than all.

*ritard.*

We shall meet, no more to sev - er; In the bright, the bright for-ev - er, In the summer - land of song.

## MY SABBATH HOME.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

WM. H. DOANE.

1. Sweet Sabbath School! more dear to me Than fair-est pa-lace dome, My heart e'er turns with  
 2. Here to my will-ful, wand'ring heart, The way of life is shown; Here may I seek the  
 3. Here Je-sus stands with lov-ing voice, En-treating me to come And make of Him my

## CHORUS.

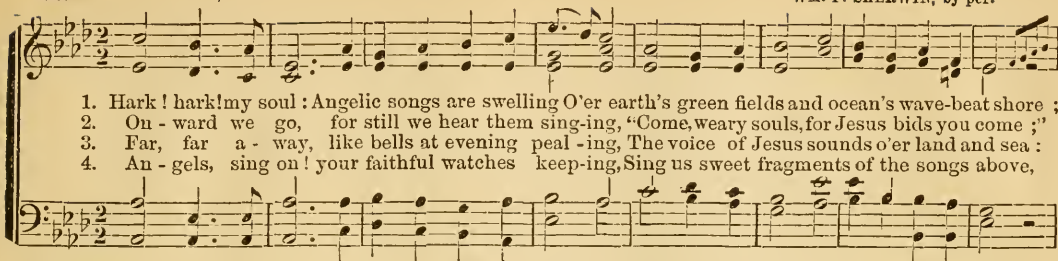
joy to thee, My own dear Sabbath Home. Sabbath Home! Blessed Home! Sabbath  
 bet-ter part, And gain a Sabbath Home.  
 earn-est choice, In this dear Sabbath Home.

Sweet Home! Sweet Home!

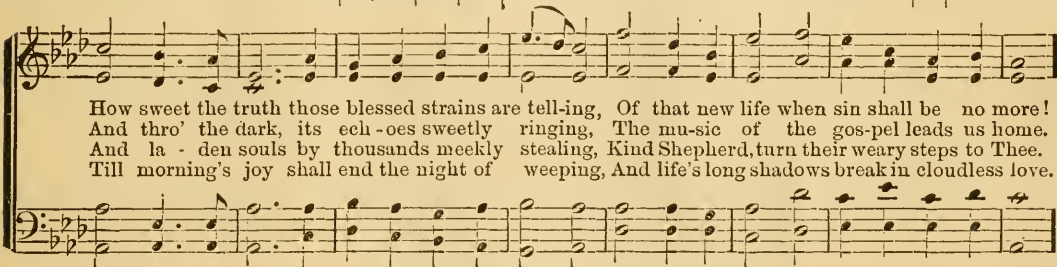
Home! Blessed Home! My heart e'er turns with joy to thee, My own dear Sabbath Home.

Sweet Home! Sweet Home!

From "Pure Gold," by permission.

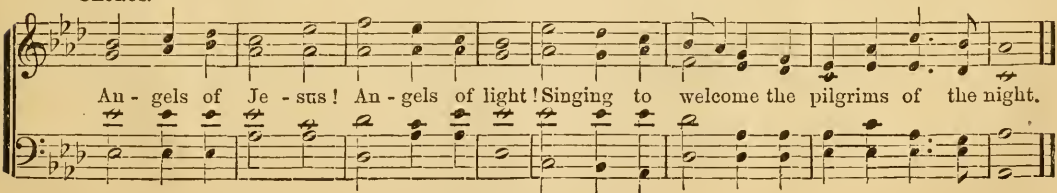


1. Hark! hark! my soul : Angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore ;  
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing, "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come ;"  
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at evening peal - ing, The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea :  
 4. An - gels, sing on ! your faithful watches keep-ing, Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,



How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell-ing, Of that new life when sin shall be no more !  
 And thro' the dark, its ech-oes sweetly ringing, The mu-sic of the gos-pel leads us home.  
 And la - den souls by thousands meekly stealing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.  
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping, And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

## CHORUS.



An - gels of Je - sus ! An - gels of light ! Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

From "Pure Gold," by permission.

JAMES T. CUMMINS.  
TRIO OR SEMI-CHORUS.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Shall hymns of grateful love Thro' heav'n's high arches ring, And all the hosts a - bove Their songs of  
 2. Shall ev - ery ransomed tribe Of Adam's scattered race, To Christ all powers ascribe, Who saved them  
 3. Shall they adore the Lord Who bought them with his blood, And all the love re - cord That led them  
 4. Then spread the joyful sound, The Saviour's love proclaim, And publish all a - round Sal - va - tion

FULL CHORUS. *ff*

triumph sing? And shall not we take up the strain, And send the echo back again? And send the echo,  
 by his grace?  
 home to God?  
 thro' His name.

*pp* Echo at a distance. *ff*

*pp*

send the echo, Send the echo, send the echo, Send the ech - o, send the ech - o back a - gam?

From "Brightest and Best," by permission.



# WE ARE COMING.

87

FANNY J. CROSBY. 1875.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1875.

1. Com - ing, com - ing, we are com - ing To Thy temple, gracious Lord, To re - ceive the  
 2. Sing - ing, sing - ing, we are sing - ing How Thy wondrous love so free, Floweth on - ward  
 3. Pray - ing, pray - ing, we are pray - ing That Thy Spir - it, like a dove, May de - scend with

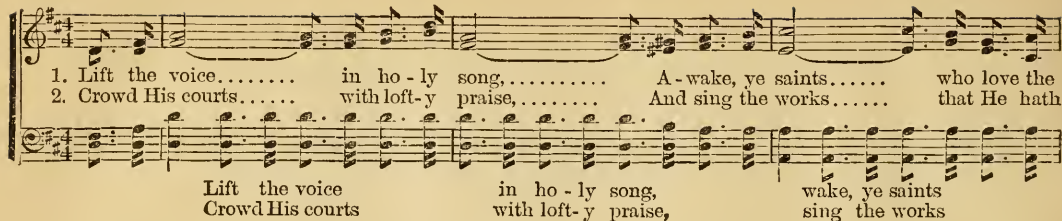
bless - ed teaching Of Thy pure and per - fect Word ; Meek - ly would we learn our du - ty,  
 ev - er on - ward, Like a vast and might - y sea ; And our souls mount up with gladness  
 gifts of mer - cy From Thy gra - cious hand a - bove ; Lord we ask, that, by Thy watch - care,

Learn it kneeling at Thy feet, While a radiance from Thy glo - ry Cov - ers all the mercy - seat.  
 While we swell the loft - y strain, "Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah To the Lamb for sinners slain !"   
 We may all pro - tect - ed be, Ev - 'ry hand be quick to la - bor, And our hearts be stayed on Thee.

From "Brightest and Best," by permission.

## PRAISE THE LORD.

R. LOWRY.



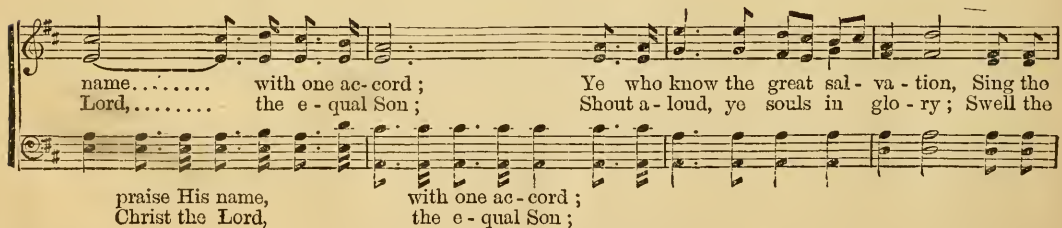
1. Lift the voice..... in ho - ly song,..... A - wake, ye saints..... who love the  
 2. Crowd His courts..... with loft - y praise,..... And sing the works..... that He hath

Lift the voice in ho - ly song, wake, ye saints  
 Crowd His courts with loft - y praise, sing the works



Lord ; Gath - er now..... in hap - py throng,..... And praise His  
 done ; Songs of love..... and hon - or raise..... To Christ the

who love the Lord ; Gath - er now in hap - py throng,  
 that He hath done ; Songs of love and hon - or raise



name..... with one ac - cord ; Ye who know the great sal - va - tion, Sing the  
 Lord,..... the e - qual Son ; Shout a - loud, ye souls in glo - ry ; Swell the

praise His name, with one ac - cord ;  
 Christ the Lord, the e - qual Son ;

From "Brightest and Best," by permission.

triumphs of his grace, And with highest ad - o - ra - tion, Come be - fore Je - ho - vah's face.  
 song, ye saints be - low; Till the heavens shall tell the sto - ry, And the earth the strain shall know.

## CHORUS.

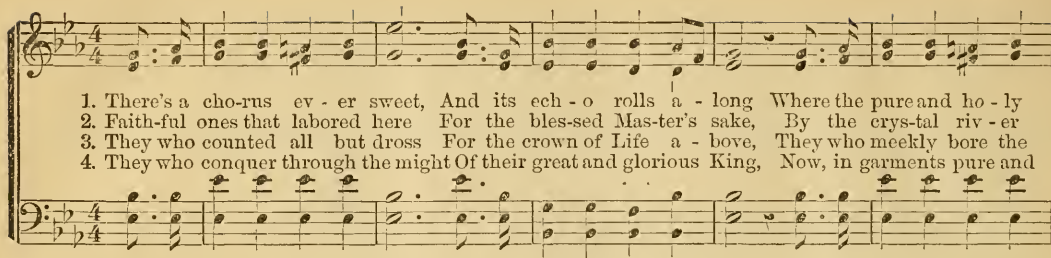
Praise the Lord,..... ye sons of light; Praise the Lord,..... ye heavenly

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, ye sons of light, ye sons of light; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, ye heavenly

host; Praise the Lord..... for all His might - y acts In all the

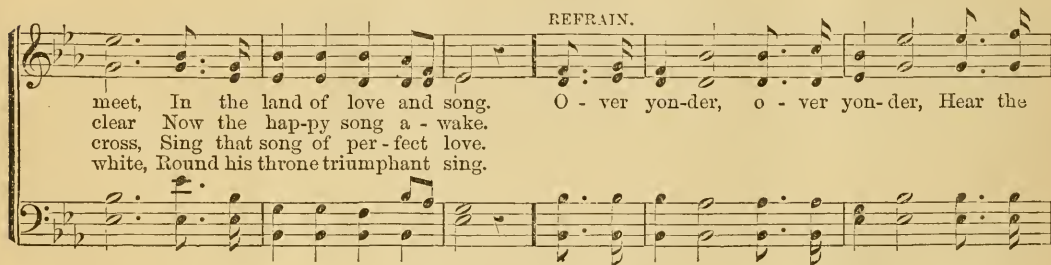
host, ye heavenly host; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord for all his &c.

pla - ces of His wide do - min - ion; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

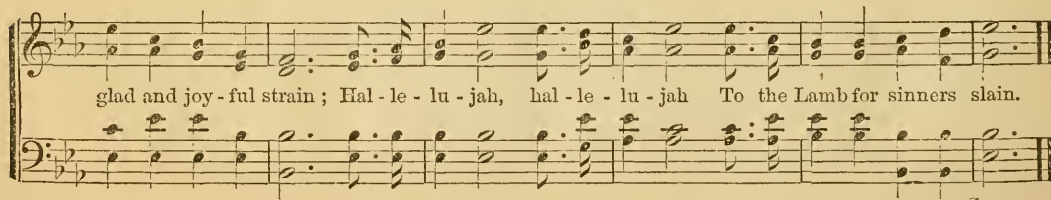


1. There's a cho-rus ev - er sweet, And its ech - o rolls a - long Where the pure and ho - ly  
 2. Faith-ful ones that labored here For the bles-sed Mas-ter's sake, By the crys-tal riv - er  
 3. They who counted all but dross For the crown of Life a - bove, They who meekly bore the  
 4. They who conquer through the might Of their great and glorious King, Now, in garments pure and

REFRAIN.



meet, In the land of love and song. O - ver yon-der, o - ver yon-der, Hear the  
 clear Now the hap-py song a - wake.  
 cross, Sing that song of per - fect love.  
 white, Round his throne triumphant sing.



glad and joy - ful strain ; Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah To the Lamb for sinners slain.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s &amp; 4s.

(23) Christian Songs, 197. Key G.

- 1 COME, Thou almighty King,  
Help us Thy name to sing,  
Help us to praise!  
Father all glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come and reign over us,  
Ancient of days.
- 2 Come, Thou incarnate Word  
Gird on Thy mighty sword;  
Our prayer attend;  
Come, and Thy people bless;  
Come, give Thy word success;  
Spirit of holiness,  
On us descend.
- 3 Come, holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear;  
In this glad hour;  
Thou, who almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power.
- 4 To thee, great One in Three,  
The highest praises be,  
Hence evermore;  
Thy sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

(24) Bradbury Trio, 101. Key G.

- 1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,  
From distant worlds where crea-  
tures dwell,  
Let heaven begin the solemn word,  
And sound it dreadful down to hell.
- 2 Wide as His vast dominion lies,  
Make the Creator's name be known  
Loud as His thunder, shout His praise,  
And sound it lofty as His throne.
- 3 Jehovah—'t is a glorious word!  
O, may it dwell on every tongue!  
But saints, who best have known the  
Lord,  
Are bound to raise the noblest song.
- 4 Speak of the wonders of that love  
Which Gabriel plays on every chord;  
From all below, and all above,  
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

RUTHERFORD. 7s &amp; 6s.

(25) Page 190. Key F.

- 1 To Thee, our God and Saviour,  
Our hearts exulting spring,  
Rejoicing in Thy favor,  
Thou everlasting King:  
We'll celebrate Thy glory,  
With all the saints above;  
And tell the wondrous story  
Of Thy redeeming love.
- 2 By Thee through life supported,  
We pass the dangerous road,

By heavenly hosts escorted,  
Up to their bright abode;  
There cast our crowns before Thee,  
Our toils and conflicts o'er,  
And day and night adore Thee,  
Forever, evermore.

CORONATION. C. M.

(26) Bradbury Trio, 179. Key G.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name,  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,  
Who fix'd this floating ball;  
Now hail the strength of Israel's  
might,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall;  
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 O that with yonder sacred throng,  
We at His feet may fall;  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all.



FANNY J. CROSBY.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. God our Fa-ther! we would praise Thee, For Thy lov - ing smile to - day; In Thy mer - cy  
 2. God our Sav-iour! we be - seech Thee, Take us now be - neath Thy care; Grant to each and  
 3. God the Spir-it! be our com - fort; Keep our minds in per - fect peace; Make our hum-ble  
 4. God the Fa-ther, Son, and Spir - it; One tri - une, ex - alt - ed Lord! Thou, the Al - pha

CHORUS.

wilt Thou keep us, As we go from hence a - way. Hallowed be Thy name for ev - er, May Thy  
 all, Thy blessing, While we leave this house of pray'r.  
 hearts Thy dwelling, More and more our faith in - crease.  
 and O - me - ga; Thou the ev - er - last - ing word.

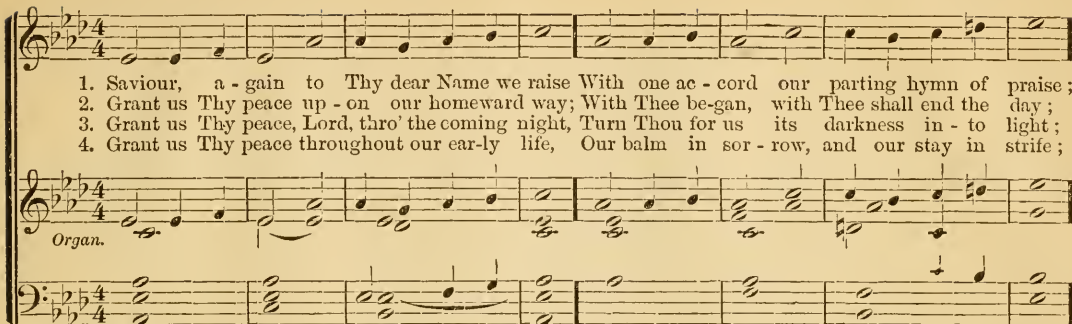
glo - rious king - dom come; As in heav'n Thy saints a - dore Thee, So 'on earth Thy will be done.

## SAVIOUR, AGAIN. 10s.

93

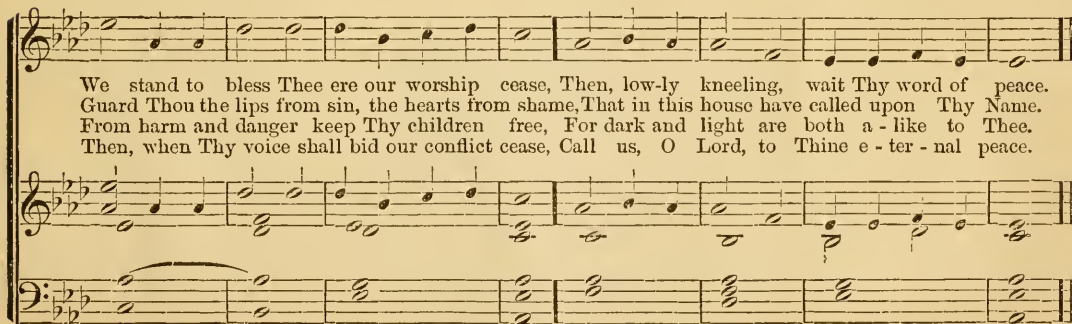
Rev. JOHN ELLETON, 1861.

E. J. HOPKINS, London, Eng.



1. Saviour, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise With one ac - cord our parting hymn of praise ;  
 2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way ; With Thee be - gan, with Thee shall end the day ;  
 3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming night, Turn Thou for us its darkness in - to light ;  
 4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our ear - ly life, Our balm in sor - row, and our stay in strife ;

*Organ.*



We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease, Then, low-ly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.  
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called upon Thy Name.  
 From harm and danger keep Thy children free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.  
 Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

From "Book of Praise," by permission.

AWAKE MY SOUL. L. M.

(374) Hymnary, 61. Key G.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Awake, lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long unwearied sing  
High praises to th' eternal King.

3 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,  
And hast refreshed me while I slept;  
Grant Lord, when I from death shall  
I may of endless life partake. [wake,

4 Lord! I my vows to Thee renew;  
Disperse my sins as morning dew;  
Guard my first springs of tho't and will,  
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite.

DOWNS. C. M.

(375) "Coronation," 158. Key E. b.

1 LORD! in the morning Thou shalt hear  
My voice ascending high;  
To Thee will I direct my prayer,  
To Thee lift up mine eye:

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone  
To plead for all His saints,  
Presenting at His Father's throne  
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Oh! may Thy spirit guide my feet,  
In ways of righteousness;  
Make every path of duty straight,  
And plain before my face.

SABBATH. 7s.

(376) Clariona, 89. Key G.

1 SAFELY thro' another week,  
God has brought us on our way;  
Let us now a blessing seek,  
Waiting in His courts to-day.  
Day of all the week the best  
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,  
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name.  
Show Thy reconciling face—  
Take away our sin and shame;  
From our worldly cares set free  
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;  
May we feel Thy presence near;  
May Thy glory meet our eyes.  
While we in Thy house appear;  
Here afford us, Lord, a taste  
Of our everlasting rest.

4 May the Gospel's joyful sound  
Wake our minds to raptures new;  
Let Thy victories abound—  
Unrepenting souls subdue;  
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,  
Till we rest in Thee above.

BEAUTEIOUS DAY 8s &amp; 7s.

(377) Page 114. Key G.

1 BLESSED Saviour, watch us, guard us,  
As we leave our Sabbath home;  
Guide and keep us from all danger,  
Till again to Thee we come.

Though we very often wander  
In the paths of vice and sin,  
:: Yet we pray that Thou wouldst hear us,  
Cleanse and make us pure within. :||

2 Make each spirit meek and lowly,  
Make us leave the ways of strife,  
Lead us in the path of duty,  
Lead us to the "better life."  
Thus we'd serve Thee, blessed Saviour,  
Till we've crossed life's stormy sea,  
:: And with each loved friend and teacher  
All are gathered home to Thee. :||

GREENVILLE. 8s &amp; 7s.

(378) Christian Songs, 200. Key F.

1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
Let us each Thy love possessing,  
Triumph in Redeeming grace;  
Oh! refresh us,  
Traveling through this wilderness!

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;  
May the fruits of Thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound!  
May Thy presence  
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,  
Us from earth to call away;  
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,  
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,  
May we, ready,  
Rise and reign in endless day!

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